# TIMOLEON

## A FRIEND OF PAUL

MABEL
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Vertrees

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? JEWS, ARE YOU?" P. 10

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## A FRIEND OF PAUL

Being the romantic adventures of a waif of Tarsus, together with a setting forth of the great Apostle's journeys

By

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## BOOK I

### CHAPTER I

THE untimely heat of April lay on the land like a heavy hand. Tarsus slept, as best it could, through the two trying hours after midday. The poor sought the dim recesses of their hovels; the merchants drowsed, each sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet spread under the arch of his stall; the homeless dropped in whatever spot the shade offered.

Under one of the piers that bordered the river, a ten-year-old boy, pale and thin, lay listlessly. With his right arm crooked under his head, he watched indifferently the turbid torrent of the Cydnus. Thick with the mud of the rich alluvial plain through which it ran, it was little like the clear, sparkling river that usually coursed through the heart of the city. Half awake, Timoleon thought to himself,

"No wonder the strangers in the market place today jested about 'the pride of Tarsus.' Someone ought to have told them that the Cydnus is now in flood, filled with the melting snows from the mountains."

Sleep closed his eyes, but still he saw the Cydnus. Not, indeed, as it flowed by his side, a swollen, yellowish-brown waterway for the ships of the world, but the Cydnus, a clear mountain stream, threading a passage among the foothills of the Taurus Mountains. Timoleon sank into deeper slumber and fainter grew the sound of the rushing waters. Forgotten was the present, and the past became today. Two hundred miles north of the Taurus range he helped his father load the camels with merchandise. Together they took their places in the caravan as it started on its journey to the great city of the south. Proudly Timoleon mounted the sure-footed little donkey that led the long train of big, timid camels. Again he heard his father's voice, as after many days the mountain walls closed about them: "We are coming to the Cilician Gates, my Timoleon, keep a firm hand and a steady head. Only the other day Modrus lost one of his camels in this pass—but no wonder; it became frightened, and, breaking away from

the others, fell over the precipice: Modrus tried to send his caravan through with no donkey to lead the way."

In Timoleon's dream, before him opened the Cilician Gates, a slit in the great mountain wall, wide enough only for the little stream that roared at the foot of the precipice towering upward hundreds of feet. Along one side the men of Tarsus had chiseled a narrow road where, in single file, a merchandise train, such as his father's, might follow the pass. Timoleon had heard, in the camp of the night before, the story of the March of the Ten Thousand along this very road, four hundred years ago. For then, as now, the Cilician Gates offered the only passage through the mountains from the broad plateau on the north to the sea-level plains of the south. The little donkey stepped out on the narrow shelf of rock, and cautiously the camels followed. Timoleon gave little heed to the snow-capped peaks above, or to the mountain wall he could touch with his hand to the right, or to the precipice to the left in sheer descent to the stream roaring on the rocks below. Mindful of his father's admonition, he kept a firm hand on the reins, and whispered an occasional word of encouragement to his donkey.

At length the camel train stepped from the narrow path into a broad road. Below lay a fruitful plain. Among the pasture lands and fields of grain, little villages of dark mud huts stood out distinctly. Vineyards clothed the slopes of the foothills, and walls of mud and stone enclosed them, though sometimes they were protected by dense hedges of thorn trees. Thirty miles away lay Tarsus, with its half million inhabitants. Timoleon's father pointed out the line of the Cydnus, easily traced by the shrubs and trees that lined its banks. South of Tarsus the river widened into a lake, dimly seen from this distance. Here, Timoleon heard, were the great wharfs to which came the shipping of the world, though galleys carried much of the merchandise to the very heart of Tarsus itself. On the horizon line the sky took on a deeper hue. At this point, sixteen miles south of Tarsus, lay the Mediterranean.

The camel train began the descent, swaying slowly and rhythmically along the narrow way that led directly to the center of Tarsus. Once, indeed, Timoleon thought they had arrived; for all about were homes set in blooming gardens, and surrounded by orchards, well-watered and fruitful. But this, the little

lad learned, was Tarsus of the hills, where lived all the year those who had grown wealthy by trading in Tarsus of the plains. To this place also, every spring, when the heat drove health from the low-lying city, all who could do so brought their families, and they themselves spent but the morning hours in the city where their business lay. Here refreshing breezes from the mighty range of Taurus cooled the air, though but nine miles away the lower city gasped in vain for a breath of air from mountain or sea.

As Timoleon, in sleep, lived again his journey, no longer did the stench of the water front fill the air. Instead he breathed the perfume of great orchards of lemon, orange, and citron. By degrees the road changed into a great avenue, and in time the camel train stood in the heart of the city, where bazaar elbowed bazaar and merchants were as thick as the flies that swarmed about the camels.

But the spirit of Timoleon's dream changed. Days had passed, days spent in the marts of peaceful trade. Now it was night, and with his father he sat in the house of Clion. Wearied with sightseeing, Timoleon dozed on a divan. Suddenly he was wide-awake. Clion, standing behind his father, looked past

the divan and raised his hand as though in signal. Timoleon had scarcely time to wonder until two rough men rushed into the room and, falling upon the merchant from beyond the mountains, tore from the hiding place in the folds of his himation the coins he had but that day received for his merchandise. Timoleon sprang to his feet, but a blow felled him; and, at the same instant, a piteous shriek rent the air. He knew it for his father's parting cry; and, while the robbers were yet in confusion, he slipped through the open door, across the court, and out into the night.

Truly, that cry yet sounded in his ears. Timoleon opened his eyes and listened fearfully. It was not night, but day, yet surely he had heard just now the cry of one beset by many. He raised on one elbow and listened. Above him, on the pier, feet shuffled and he heard voices, high-pitched and angry. Timoleon cowered deeper into the shadow. In the eight months that had passed since his father's death, only too well had he learned that a street waif may receive blows meant for others.

Suddenly the uproar ceased as a clear young voice rang out. "What are you doing here?

Jews, are you? And yet you set upon one of your own race!"

Timoleon breathed more freely. If this was a fight among the boys of the Jewish colony, perhaps a Greek might look on unharmed. Scrambling up the stone abutment and keeping cautiously behind one of the bales of goods that littered the pier, he looked through an opening.

Three boys of thirteen, servants, sons of bond servants by the awl mark in their ears, looked defiantly at the speaker, a small, somewhat slender lad of about the same age, Hebrew in feature and dress. A fine white mantle, held to his head by silken cords, flowed free over his shoulders, and he bore himself as one accustomed to be obeyed. By his side panted another Hebrew lad, slightly younger, dressed also in Hebrew garments but wearing on his head the hat of the Greek. His face was flushed, his lips tightly set, his hands clenched. He said nothing, but looked expectantly at the older boy who had just spoken.

Timoleon's powers of observation had been sharpened in the streets of Tarsus and he nodded his head wisely. "This younger lad is one of the Jews who goes to the gymnasium and apes the manners of the Greeks. His

father is rich, and so is the father of the larger boy by his side, who, by his dress, belongs to the very strictest sect of their race. I wonder why he protects this Jew who is half Greek?"

As if answering the question in Timoleon's mind, the larger boy spoke. The Jewish youths before him, at first cowed by his sudden interference, now were beginning to mutter threateningly, but the boy's clear voice again hushed them: "Shame on you! Since when have big, strong boys like you set upon a younger boy of your own race?"

One, bolder than his fellows, called in reply, "A Jew, is he? Then why does he wear a hat? Why doesn't he leave that to the Greek dogs?"

"I don't know why he wears a hat," retorted the boy. "What does it matter? You go uncovered, he wears a hat, I the kerchief: but we all are sons of Abraham and followers of the only true God. We disgrace our name if we quarrel among ourselves on the streets, where the heathen look on and laugh."

For an instant the boys looked at one another shamefacedly, then suddenly they took to their heels and left the boy with the hat and his defender alone upon the pier.

At once the first spoke: "You certainly helped me out of a scrape. Father said this

hat would get me into trouble. But I'm not such a coward as I seem. These boys rushed on me from behind, and ——"

The boy with the kerchief on his head interrupted. "Well, I in turn surprised them. It was the only thing to do, for they were bigger and stronger, and could have beaten us both. See the wreckage the Cydnus is bringing down from the hills! Let's watch awhile!"

As the boys walked to the end of the pier the one with the hat said abruptly, "My name's Reuben. What's yours?"

"I am Saul," answered the other, with a touch of dignity.

Reuben stopped in surprise: "Not Saul, son of the merchant who deals in camel's-hair cloth! Saul, a pupil of Simeon, the tent-maker?"

Saul nodded, his eyes wide with surprise, and Reuben continued, hurriedly: "Only to-day Simeon told my father that you are working with him. Next week I go also to learn the trade. I would rather stay in the gymnasium, but father says, 'He that teacheth not his son a trade does the same as if he taught him to be a thief'—you know the old saying."

Saul said, laughingly, "He talks like my father, who holds closely to all the old cus-

toms. When I was five years old and he began to teach me, he saw to it that I learned by heart all that the Law enjoins, and much more —not that I am sorry he was so strict," he added quickly.

Reuben looked at him in wonder: "Do you like to study? I just simply cannot learn by rote. It took me a week to get the very first verse we Jews all must commit to memory. You remember it, of course:

What does God require of me
But to worship him and walk in all his ways."

Quickly Saul caught up the verse in its adapted form:

"To love and serve him with all my heart and soul,
And to keep the commandments of Moses,
Which God commands me
This day to keep for my good.

"That's easy," he affirmed. "I'd rather learn a hundred such verses than sew one tent seam!"

The boys passed out of hearing and stiffly Timoleon scrambled to his feet. He did not know the hour, but he did know he was hungry. In the morning a street vendor had tossed him two oranges, overripe. Perhaps

on the street facing the water front he might find another merchant equally kind. As Timoleon stumbled wearily along, he thought, without resentment, "I don't believe those Hebrew boys on the pier ever knew what it means to be hungry. I didn't, either, when father was with me."

In the eight months Timoleon had lived in the streets of Tarsus he had found it hard to keep hunger at bay. At first the task was not so difficult. He had haunted the market places, where dealers in fruits, vegetables, birds, sheep, donkeys, horses, and animals of every description daily jostled the peddlers of jewelry, the carriers of household utensils, the women with leather bottles filled with "honey of grapes." Here were errands to run and work to be done, not beyond the strength of a ten-year-old boy; but usually payment was made in food, ofttimes in fruit; too seldom in the hot cakes of flour served from a portable earthenware oven, such food as properly nourishes a growing boy. Bit by bit he lost the sturdy strength he had brought with him from beyond the mountains and, losing it, was unable to get work, even that paid for in food. Then, too, throughout the winter the shelter the city afforded him had been cold and com-

fortless, and his sleep had been fitful. True, now that summer had come he slept unbrokenly for hours, but sleep never yet filled an empty stomach.

Listless despite his hunger, Timoleon loitered along the dirty street. At last he paused in front of a fruit stand kept by a Greek. About the man, as he sat on a fragment of carpet, were little stools holding dates, figs, and almonds for sale. Timoleon greeted the dealer timidly, "May the gods look kindly upon you! Do but give me a ——"

He was interrupted by a rude hand gripping his shoulder. Twisting and turning to free himself from the implacable grasp, Timoleon met Clion's evil smile. "At last I have found you, son of my friend! Why did you throw off so suddenly the hospitality of my house? Did you not hear your father—may Charon have rowed him over the river in safety!—did you not hear him, I say, with his very last breath commend you to my care? Come! my door is open to you."

But Timoleon, still struggling, appealed to the keeper of the stand. "Help me! Help me! O man of my own race! He who carries me off is nothing to me, worse than nothing; for he did ——"

A hand over his mouth shut off further words. Clion winked at the fruit vendor. "He is one possessed! But I did give my word to protect him and I have little wish to draw upon myself the wrath of the gods by forgetting my promise." He turned to go, dragging Timoleon with him by a firm hold on the boy's shoulder. Removing his other hand from the boy's mouth, he threw a red coin to the gaping vendor, who nodded understandingly, and thought, as the smiling man and protesting boy moved off, "Truly he is a protector with a hand of iron and a masterful spirit. But what affair is it of mine?"

## CHAPTER II

Soon Timoleon's puny strength was exhausted and he walked quietly enough by Clion's side, though his shoulder ached in the man's unyielding hold. Sturdy and self-reliant beyond his years as the boy was, for the time being he was so tired as to be indifferent to what might happen. From the time of his mother's death when he was but six years old, he had traveled with his father up and down the beaten tracks of trade on the great plateau north of the Taurus Mountains. His eight months as a waif in Tarsus had further matured the boy. A child in years, he was a man in experience. But now, overtired, he stumbled along without protest. Meantime Clion talked incessantly, as though bent on convincing Timoleon that he had been discovered by a true friend.

"It is well, Timoleon, that we walk together in the manner of friends. You now remember me as your father's trusted adviser, I am sure. Who but I showed him the best city markets, and made known to him the most trustworthy

dealers? And you surely must recall how on the day he finished selling his grain and skins I took you both to Aulai on the lake—you know, the harbor town of Tarsus? He looked longingly on the ships there at anchor and spoke of coming another day to take passage on one for you and for himself. And we ate in the vine-covered booth by the waterside! Do you not remember? Then we returned to my house for the evening—now your home, Timoleon."

Despite his fatigue and faintness from hunger, Timoleon lifted his head proudly. "The place where my father was put to death can never be home to me," he answered firmly.

Clion shook the shoulder he held, but lightly, that the passers-by might not notice. "Hush! Hush! Speak not so loud! That was a sad night. I myself was left for dead by the robbers. May the shades of Pluto be thick about them!"

"When I left, you had suffered no hurt," retorted Timoleon.

"I know not when you ran away," replied Clion dryly, "but certain it is that when the thieves saw your father fall and knew they had nothing more to fear from him, they turned to me. And they felled me also."

"Now why," mused Timoleon, as though unconscious that he spoke aloud, "now why should they do that, I wonder, seeing that it was Clion's signal that bade them enter the room."

The grasp on his shoulder tightened, and Clion rasped out harshly, "You were dreaming on the divan, boy! Do you hear? You dreamed—there was no signal!"

So emphatically he spoke that for a moment Timoleon pondered. Then he shook his head decidedly. "I had been dreaming, but at that instant I was wide-awake."

Clion shrugged his shoulders. "Well, your thoughts must be your own, I suppose, but utter them not aloud. We are going to know each other better. I am not one to bear ill will toward a smart lad, such as you, and as for you, soon your tune will change and you will look to me as to a father."

The words promised fair, but Timoleon shrank from the smile that accompanied them. There was no time to reply, for in front of them was the gate of Clion's house, the only break in the rough wall of mud that formed the side facing on the street. Clion knocked at the wicket; a small door swung in a corner of the huge gate, and it was opened to admit

them to a narrow passage which led into a court, untidily littered with household belongings. Clothes fluttered from a line stretched across one corner; in another corner, two women turned a millstone; chickens ran about under foot; pigeons strutted on the stone flags that paved the court. The enclosing wall was broken by arches, each of which was the only opening to the room or lewen within. This way only did light and air enter. From a lewen on the opposite side of the court came the tantalizing odor of fish frying in oil.

As the wicket closed behind them, Clion released his hold, and clapping his hands together called, "Serve us at once, Delcro."

Though Timoleon's knees shook with weakness, he thought to himself, "Never can I break bread in this house, with the false friend of my father."

With a brusque, "Enter!" Clion pushed the boy before him through one of the arches into a large lewen. About the wall ran a low platform or divan, perhaps a foot and a half high, covered with pieces of carpet or worn rugs on which were a few dingy cushions. Timoleon knew it at once for the room where his father had bidden farewell to life, and all his self-possession fled. Suddenly he was only a

frightened, exhausted little boy in the power of a man whom he knew for an enemy. "Let me go! Oh, let me go!" he begged, clasping his hands tightly before him and looking wildly about the room.

But Clion only smiled blandly and rubbed his hands together as though he were washing them. "No, no, Timoleon! You speak without thought. Have I not told you this is your home? Never again shall you leave it. Within these walls shall you stay—at least until you learn to know me as a friend sent to you by the gods. Sit down," he added, as a servant entered with a basin of water and a white cloth over his arm.

Timoleon obeyed, worn out by his fruitless outbreak. The servant washed Clion's feet and wiped them, then at Clion's command, "Wash the boy's feet also," he turned to Timoleon, perched on the edge of the divan. Passively he accepted the proffered service. In the meantime another servant had placed in the center of the room a low platform about the height of the one that encircled the walls and less than two feet wide. This platform formed three sides of a small square, and on it the slave placed the fish Timoleon had smelled cooking, some thin wheaten cakes, and a comb of honey.

Kneeling in the open center of the table, he made ready to serve Clion, who was already in place, sitting cross-legged on the floor. But when Clion motioned Timoleon to join him, the boy held back. Clion sent the servant out of the room for an additional dish, and turning to Timoleon said, in a low, even tone, "Obey me in all, boy, or ——"

He did not need to finish the sentence. The cold, hard menace in his voice, the sudden change from his ingratiating manner of the moment before, brought vividly to Timoleon a sense of his peril. After all, what could he do but obey?

In the end, Timoleon ate ravenously. Not for months had he sat at a table, and not since his father's death had he had food enough to satisfy his hunger. Clion smiled knowingly, but not until the meal was over and the table removed did he speak again. "A full stomach is a good friend. Is it not so? After all, it is no great hardship to live where is rich food and a servant to wait upon you."

Clion paused, waiting for the boy's assent. But Timoleon was silent.

Seeing the lad would not speak, Clion thrust his face on a level with the boy's own. "Here you live, here you eat, here you sleep—

and you answer when I speak to you! Do you understand?"

Timoleon quailed, yet he answered bravely, "If I must stay here, if I eat your bread, if I answer you, it is because I must."

"I knew you for a wise lad," chuckled Clion. "Now, listen to me. Though young in years, you know much of the ways of trade. I need a helper at the loom. You will be that helper. I will teach you both to weave and to sell. The world will know you as my son, adopted as my own. So long as your tongue is still and you obey you have nothing to fear."

Clion left the room and Timoleon heard his heavy step pause at the cooking lewen, then cross the courtyard to the great gate. When the wicket clanged, Timoleon looked into the courtyard. Near the gate two servants laughed and jested together. After a few moments they crossed together to the lewen where food was prepared. Timoleon felt sure they had gone to eat their evening meal, and after a pause to make sure they were not coming out again, he slipped across the yard to the gate.

The great gate, of course, was securely locked and barred. That Timoleon had expected, for he knew that only an occasion of

ceremony ever swung wide this portal. But he had hoped that the key to the little gate, set near the ponderous lower right hinge of the great gate, might be hung on the big door. However, the keeper of the wicket evidently had carried the key with him, and it needed but little examination to find that without the key, the gate could not be opened even from within.

Thoughtfully, Timoleon retraced his steps to the big lewen. Clion, he saw, was not a rich man. He had but few servants, and his courtyard was carelessly kept and lacked many of the usual fittings. Why, then, had he taken upon himself the burden of Timoleon's support? In no way could Clion hope for reward because of his supposed care, for Timoleon was alone in the world. His father had owned only the camel train and the merchandise it carried. That Clion had received a share of the money the robbers had torn from Timoleon's father the boy did not doubt. He did not know what had become of the camels. Possibly Clion knew. But why, seeing the booty was already his, did he trouble himself about the son of his victim?

Over and over in his mind Timoleon turned these questions, but no answer came. At

length he curled up on the divan sleepily. Lazily he recalled the happenings of the day. He dwelt long in thought on the thin, earnest, intense face of Saul, the Hebrew boy, who by the force of his spoken word alone had driven off the Jews who were tormenting the boy with the hat. Timoleon's last waking thought was, "Could I bear myself as he did, as one of years and authority, I might free myself from this coil. Now the gods must help me, for my own wits are of no use."

## CHAPTER III

TIMOLEON wakened in the morning to find himself alone—the first of many lonely days. His meals were served regularly and the servants saw that he wanted nothing, but they would not talk to him; and though Clion frequently ate at the same table in the evening, the boy could not bring himself to do more than answer briefly when the man spoke. He was not sullen and stubborn in the ordinary manner of a boy ten years old; he simply was self-contained, reserved, silent, bearing himself with the watchful dignity of a man thrice his years. His attitude was strangely unchildlike; but life had not given Timoleon childhood. From a home-sheltered babyhood he had gone directly to youth, and was thus early matured by constant travel with his father's caravan.

Left now to his own devices, Timoleon spent many hours on the roof of Clion's house, looking at the outstanding buildings of Tarsus and recalling all he knew of each. In eight months a waif in the streets of the city could learn

much, and Timoleon knew the city better than most boys born there. The four years spent constantly with his father had quickened his perceptions and kindled an active curiosity concerning the world about him that forced the boy's education and made him uncannily wise. By encouraging Timoleon to ask questions his father had fostered this inquiring attitude of mind. Though but a traveling merchant, he revered learning. An ardent patriot, he knew many details of his country's history. By the campfire and on the road he told Timoleon many a story of Greece in the days of her glory. At the khans where they camped and in the towns where they traded Timoleon heard much political talk, which he afterward discussed with his father. In such manner had the boy's natural acquisitiveness been developed and his mind trained to classify its facts. Timoleon's memory, too, his father had cultivated by many devices: games that beguiled many weary hours of travel had made it much more retentive than that of the average man.

So Timoleon, a prisoner in Clion's house, did not lack for resources to pass the hours. But no diversion held him longer than looking at some section of the city, picturing its

streets, and recalling its most striking features. None held his fancy more often than the Jewish quarter in the southern part of Tarsus. There was a mystery about this strange people that fascinated him. Exactly, in the order of their happening, he set up before his mind's eye pictures of events connected with the Hebrews as he knew them. His father had helped to outline the first one; for just after they had come to Tarsus, late one afternoon in October, a company of Jews had passed through the market place. Timoleon saw the scene distinctly. All carried boughs of trees: olive branches, great bundles of feathery willow wands, short, broad limbs from myrtle and fir trees.

He recalled his own words to his father, "They must be trying to bring the woods to town."

His father laughed: "Truly, they are a strange race. They worship but one God: they know nothing of the myriad gods that people the forests, yet it is their custom yearly, at this season, to keep a feast unto their one God by living in little houses built of leaves and branches and hung about with fruits."

"Where do they build these houses? In their courtyards?"

"No, no, my Timoleon! In the streets of their quarter. They do not like strangers, else we would go to see these booths. It is a pretty sight. They build the little green tents against the house walls, and in front of them they set great branches or young trees. Across the street, from wall to wall, they hang long ropes of flowers. For seven days they live in these shelters, giving thanks for the harvest it is said—a strange custom for a people who know not Demeter, the giver of all bounty in the field!"

Soon another company went by, each man burdened with leaves and boughs. Timoleon's curiosity led him to ask a boy of his own age, "What festival do you keep?"

The boy drew back a little, but replied briefly, "The Feast of the Tabernacles."

Timoleon persisted. "But what is its meaning?"

"To keep in remembrance the time when our people lived in tents," called the boy over his shoulder as he hurried after his companions.

The next picture was set in the early days of his sorrow over the loss of his father. He saw himself in the Hebrew quarter one gray afternoon in November. The streets were nar-

row and many of the houses were but single rooms built of mud bricks. But there were others of wood and stone, whose long, unbroken wall had but one opening, the great gate. Some of the wickets were open, and as Timoleon passed he saw into spacious courts, beautiful and orderly. "There must be rich and poor among the Jews, just as there are among the Greeks of Tarsus," he decided.

"I wonder," he thought to himself, "why every house has a bright metal box fastened on the side of the wicket or on the door jamb. And why does everyone who goes in or out touch this box, then kiss his fingers?"

Just as Timoleon passed a wicket a woman with a baby in her arms came out, and he could no longer keep back the question that puzzled him. "Will you tell me the meaning of the box? And why you kissed your hand and touched the baby's hand to the box?"

The woman looked down at him kindly, and said gently, "We do this to keep ever in remembrance that there is but one God. In the box is a strip of parchment on which are written the words, 'Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord.'"

Timoleon was puzzled, for the gods of the

Greeks were without number; but he thanked the woman and went on his aimless way.

The early twilight of December, when the first snow was on the ground, made the background for the next scene. Over each wicket and door in the Jewish section a lantern was hung, and the streets were filled with men, women, and children, carrying bright green palm branches and hurrying to a building at the corner of the street. As they came out of their homes Timoleon could see that lights shone brilliantly within, and as the great door of the corner house, with the vine and grapes carved over the arch, was opened he could see myriads of candles aflame. Timoleon felt so like an interloper that he dared question no one until a little cripple paused beside him to rest. Then he said, "The lights are beautiful. What is this place, and why are there so many candles?"

The boy began in surprise, "Why, don't you know?" Then, seeing his questioner was a Greek, he answered with shining eyes and face aglow: "This is the synagogue, and we keep the Feast of Lights, in honor of Judas Maccabæus, he who reopened the Temple at Jerusalem."

Unbidden, another view of the Jews arose:

this time in the dusk of a mild night in early spring. Before each house door the family was gathered, and all were looking intently into the sky. Timoleon, too, looked up, but he saw nothing. An instant later, a little boy standing by his father in an open wicket called out eagerly, "There, Father, there! See! The new moon is just beyond the tower! Look!"

The father patted the child's head tenderly as he replied, his eyes on the slender sickle, "Blessed art Thou, O God, who didst create the sky and the stars. Blessed art Thou, O God, who renewest the moons."

Timoleon, recalling this picture, felt again the utter desolation that had swept over him at that moment. Together, he and his father had kept many times the Feast of the New Moon, after the manner of the Greeks; but now no one cared to keep holiday with him. For Timoleon was a shy, solitary boy who found little to attract him in boys of his own age, certainly nothing in the boys who swarmed the streets of Tarsus. They were bold, sophisticated, profane. Had Timoleon in any way antagonized them they would have tormented him beyond endurance; but he went his lonely way, so much more interested in the

sights of the city than in the games and feuds of the street gamins that he scarcely knew they swarmed about him. Had he known how to make approaches, or to respond to overtures of friendship, he would not have been so utterly friendless; for even among the street rabble were some not wholly given over to evil. But as Timoleon's only companion had been his father, he knew nothing of boys' games or speech. He understood men's talk and men's ways much better.

## CHAPTER IV

TARSUS was a city of beautiful public buildings. From Clion's roof Timoleon could see them all. "The greatest school in the world": so he dubbed the university, where, he knew, were taught history, poetry, music, oratory, philosophy, medicine, and astronomy. But in after years he was to see one greater yet, the University of Alexandria.

From the housetop he looked to the east, where the great gymnasium crowned a hill. Here every Greek boy of family spent nearly all his time between his sixteenth and his eighteenth birthdays, but boys of all ages thronged its courts. The Greeks thought a strong, graceful body an essential for every boy; and to that end, they learned to run, to jump, to wrestle, to dance, to sing, to play games. The great hot and cold baths were in great demand, for every boy loved to bathe and all were compelled to learn to swim. All about the gymnasium were flower gardens and shady groves, where the wise men of the city delighted to walk and talk together, discuss-

ing the perplexing problems of life. Always they were followed by many of the older boys, who kept near to learn and to ask them questions.

Of course, all this Timoleon knew only by hearsay, for there had been no one to sponsor him, to grant him open sesame to the magic precincts; for magic they were to the street waif. He had hung about the gates, hungry for the beauty within, for the chance to luxuriate in a bath, for the opportunity of listening to the talk of learned men. His hunger of mind had been but little less than his hunger of body.

But the Greeks had another great building, to which Timoleon and all the other poor of the city were welcome. This was the open-air theater, which seated thousands, and to which the whole city resorted, free admission being given to all unable to pay. The plays began in the morning and lasted at least half a day, sometimes even an entire day. Timoleon never tired of the acting, the songs, and the playing of flutes. In this cosmopolitan city, one race only held aloof from the theater, the Jews. To them the place was abomination. Their dislike of the Greek drama was second only to their abhorrence of the temples

the Greeks and Romans built to their gods. These stately, pillared buildings, set in deep groves, were filled with graceful statues. No Jew would enter a place so accursed by graven images, but sometimes in the theater Timoleon had seen young Jews, and he knew that many of them frequented the gymnasium.

In the northern part of the city, Timoleon saw another public place where in the past eight months he had spent many hours, the race course. This, like the theater, was in a hollow at the foot of a slope. But the stone seats were built in the form of an oval, not in a semicircle, as in the theater. Here the Greek and Roman boys spent days, months, sometimes even years, training to win some coveted prize.

Near the center of the city was the great Roman castle where soldiers were quartered. Only a few made up the permanent garrison, but the castle served as a stopping place for troops on their way to the eastern sections of the Roman Empire. So, many times, Timoleon had seen soldiers marching through the streets. Often he had run alongside the big, strong men, clad in rough, bright tunics which came only to their knees, partly covered by a heavy leather jacket, with a brass plate at the

front and back. Inside the one in the back was graven the soldier's name and number; though this Timoleon did not know. He admired their close-fitting leather caps, surmounted by an upstanding crest of white or black horsehair. This stiff brush gave the soldiers a fierce look, which thrilled Timoleon with pleasurable terror. And their weapons added to this feeling. At the right side hung a heavy sword of bronze, and each carried in his left hand a long spear.

Other soldiers rode on beautiful horses, and they could, even with spear in hand, mount them at one bound. Timoleon had seen them do this, much to his wonder, for there were no stirrups and a pad was the only saddle. One day as the marching men halted, Timoleon exclaimed involuntarily, "What pride Ares, the god of war, must take in such followers!"

A thoughtful-looking young man beside him made reply. "Do you think so, child? True, these men can fight. But they know nothing. They know not whom they fight, nor why they do it. They are machines, not men."

Timoleon recalled again the contempt in the young man's voice, for, ever after this incident, his admiration for the soldiers had been mingled with pity for their ignorance.

Sometimes Timoleon wearied of looking, and closing his eyes, reviewed the street processions in honor of some god of the Greeks or Romans. In common with all Tarsus, Timoleon delighted in these pageants. At such times the city made holiday to see the priests and their attendants go by. In white robes, garlanded with flowers, they sang and danced their way along the streets to the temples, there to feast on fine food and drink red wine. Timoleon saw nothing strange in this way of honoring a god of wood or stone, nor did any in Tarsus, except the Jews. They refused even to look at the processions, whereat the rest of the city shrugged its shoulders and exclaimed with a pitying smile, "What a peculiar people!"

At other times the boy looked back over his many trips to the water front. He remembered how, one bright winter day, when he had had warm food, he had trudged three miles down the river, by the narrow streets of the water front, past the squalid houses of those who sold to sailors, until he had come to Aulai, where the river widened into a lake. Here were anchored the great ships of the world—ships too big for the harbor near the business center of Tarsus. Timoleon liked to puzzle

out where the ships came from; he liked to listen to the queer jargon of foreign tongues; he liked to watch unwieldy bales of goods being dragged from the ship's hold, or to look at the men pulling a great block of marble along the wharf, moving it in time to the clapping and shouting of their leader. Best of all, Timoleon liked to see a ship leave the wharf, outward bound. Eagerly, he watched the banks of oars at either side rise and fall like living things as the man high up in the prow gave the signal for each maneuver necessary to carry the ship from the pier into the current in the middle of the lake. Intently his eyes followed the great, red-peaked sail creeping up the mast while the men at the ropes sang and shouted, and he danced with excitement when the wind caught the sail so that it bulged and tugged at the restraining ropes.

Only second in interest were the wharfs in the city proper. Here, too, were ships being laden and unladen; and here were rude rafts of logs, guided by men with long poles. Timoleon knew they had been floated down the river from the Taurus Mountains, and he gazed at them with homesick longing. Did not the wide stretches of the wind-swept Anatolian

plateau—the plains where once he had had a home—lie beyond the mountains?

Another place of interesting confusion was the market. Here were long lines of camels and donkeys waiting to be relieved of their burdens. They carried sacks of grain, bundles of cloth or skins, wine in leather bottles or in red earthenware jars. Other animals were here, too: goats, pigs, cattle with long horns, and sheep with heavy fleece. Every description of clothing was for sale and all manner of good things to eat. Some merchants showed their wares in little arched enclosures, others put theirs on the ground near the arches and shielded themselves from the sun by a square of red, yellow, brown, or black cloth, stretched tightly by being fastened at the corners to four upright poles.

In the market, too, might be seen men plying their trades. Sandal makers stitched away, their wares, made of red, brown, and yellow leather, hung on the poles that propped up the canvas overhead. Saddle and harness makers; weavers of wool for men's cloaks or tunics; of white linen for fine mantles; of delicate silk for women's scarfs; of shawls for both men and women; and of gorgeous carpets and rugs—all were at work. Other cloth,

too, was being woven; cloth not beautiful, but most useful. The weavers of this cloth wrought with goat's hair, and out of their looms grew sails for ships and tents for shepherds. Many worked with camel's hair, out of which they wove a cloth especially durable. This was cilicium—so had the province given its name to its most famous product.

## CHAPTER V

One morning, a week after Clion had taken Timoleon to his home, the two stopped before one of these sheds. Outwardly Timoleon had accepted his position as Clion's adopted son, but in his heart he hid a firm determination to win freedom sometime. Under Clion's surface manner, voluble and ingratiating, lay a relentless will, whose force penetrated every disguise and made itself felt at all times and by everyone with whom the man came in contact. It spoke well for Timoleon's strength of character that he refused, in his own heart, to accept as final Clion's assumption of mastery.

Timoleon found it sweet to be again a part of the outdoor life of the city. He looked about Clion's shed curiously. It was almost filled by a great mat hanging from the roof. Apparently, this was nothing but a confused mass of sticks and strings. Clion went to it at once, and fingered it proudly. Turning to the boy at his side, he exclaimed, "Saw you ever a loom in finer condition? Truly, no one

in Tarsus has a better! And not a weaver in the city turns out better cilicium or sells more of it—all praise be to Hermes, the god of skill and dexterity, he who anoints the tongue with persuasive speech!

"We will put you under his protection; and you, too, shall become a skilled workman and merchant, with a tongue that can charm gold out of all hiding places. But, for the present, you need only greet all who stop—you have a courteous manner—but, if any seem inclined to buy, call me at once from the loom. And keep a sharp lookout for the perverse imps of the street. If you have not as many eyes as Argus, they will steal the baskets of camel's hair from under your very nose!"

So began Timoleon's new life. It was not all unpleasant. At first, he missed keenly the freedom of his life as a street waif, but it was good to have a place to lie at night, and it was better yet to have an abundance of food. Within a month Timoleon began dwelling less on the allurements of idleness, and finding a real pleasure in his work. He was at home in the bustle of the market; he liked to be a part of its ordered confusion, and to feel that he had a place, however small, in its kaleidoscope of life.

He grew, too, to take an interest in the weaving. His active mind reached out instinctively to learn. He still longed to sit at the feet of the philosophers of the grove or to study in the university, but the day when he would be old enough to do this was far off; and in the meantime his mind could discipline his hands and make them skilful in this craft. What was the saying the Jew with the hat had quoted? "He that teacheth not his son a trade does the same as if he taught him to be a thief." He had no father to plan his life and mould it aright. He must do all for himself. Well, an opportunity was at hand; he would make the most of it. So he set himself, first of all, to distinguish the different grades of camel's hair. Soon he grew expert in sifting the fine from the coarse; the tough and elastic, which came from the young animal, from the brittle, which came from the old.

He liked to watch Clion at work. Then the man was at his best. He worked quickly, yet with the utmost exactness, throwing the shuttle from side to side with the precision of a machine. The loom rattled crazily, but it turned out fine, strong cloth. Timoleon learned that Clion's boast had been no idle

one. He did make good cloth, and no shed had more customers.

One day a Jew stopped at the stall and carefully examined the cilicium for sale. At last he asked, "How much do you have in store?"

Timoleon shook his head. "I do not know, but I will call Clion. He can tell you."

The Jew bargained for a time, but finally took all the cloth Clion had in reserve. The weaver rubbed his hands together in satisfaction as the buyer moved away followed by two servants carrying the cilicium on their backs.

"He drove a close bargain, but he bought without restraint. May many other sheiks order cilicium for twenty tents, and then be compelled to shorten the time of their stay in Tarsus! Had not the time for filling the order been shortened, the Jew said, his own workmen could have woven the cloth. I will make holiday. Timoleon, keep the booth open until midday and answer inquiries, and then go directly home. Do you hear?"

"I hear," answered Timoleon, "and I will do as you say."

He did not want to spend the rest of the day in the court of Clion's house, or on the roof, but he did not think of disobeying the man's command. So long as he ate bread in

that house, he would do as he was told. He resented Clion's authority, yet paradoxically, his heart was warmed because the man trusted him. Alone he was to close the shop and alone walk the streets of the city.

He busied himself sorting hair until midday; then going to the back of the recess, he began to pack up the baskets. Suddenly a voice behind questioned, "Do you know where my father took the cilicium? Simeon, the tentmaker, is waiting for it."

Turning, Timoleon saw Saul. In the lonely hours of the week when he was confined to Clion's house he had idealized the lad and made of him a hero. Now his heart leaped in recognition, but his tongue replied readily enough, "The merchant ordered his servants to follow him to the lodging of the Sheik Hassan, that he might approve the cilicium before it was given to the tentmaker."

Thanking him, Saul was turning away, when Timoleon said timidly, "You are Saul, aren't you?"

Surprised, Saul nodded questioningly.

A bit confused, Timoleon explained. "One day I saw you on the wharf. You sent away the boys that were tormenting Reuben, the boy with the hat."

Saul grinned. "The little rascals did scurry away like rabbits, didn't they? But I don't remember seeing you—only the Jew servants."

He looked pointedly at Timoleon, who was unmistakably Greek. His erectness, the proud carriage of his head, the slender, perfectly columned neck, the low, broad forehead, the clean-cut bow of his mouth—all named his race. Saul thought to himself, "He looks like one of his own gods. Strange I should have missed him on the pier!"

Timoleon answered frankly, "Oh, I was behind a bale of goods! If I had tried to interfere, it wouldn't have taken those boys long to leave Reuben for me."

"Of course it wouldn't," assented Saul.

"And I could not have driven them off with a word, as you did," added Timoleon, somewhat apologetically.

"No, being Greek, you could not," agreed Saul. "But after all, it was a little thing for one of their own race to do. They are accustomed to obey anyone whose authority is his by right. Reuben could have sent them off as easily had he not lost his head."

As he spoke, Saul began moving away. "I, too, must obey. During working hours, Sim-

eon is my master. I must not keep him waiting."

"Of course not," Timoleon replied.

He watched Saul thread his way to the other side of the market where the tent-maker's booth stood. "I was right. He *is* different from other boys. Though Reuben wears a hat like a Greek, he would not have talked to me, an outsider. Saul dresses as a strict Jew, yet he does not turn his back on me, a Greek. I hope we meet again."

## CHAPTER VI

THEY did meet, the very next day. For a band of mounted Roman soldiers, riding through the market, drove buyers and sellers to either side. Saul was passing Clion's booth when he was stopped by the press. He stepped back a pace, to find Timoleon by his side. The trumpeters at the head of the column were going by, and Timoleon exclaimed, "How I would like to hear the trumpets sound!"

Saul shook his head. "Not I! For they are blown only in battle as a signal to begin the fight, and men say the blare is frightful. But look at the horsemen! How they can ride!"

"If the men heard you, they would answer proudly, 'We are Roman!'" laughed Timoleon.

"They are a proud people, aren't they? But no wonder, for everything they do they do well, and if you render them a service they do not forget it." He paused, then added, "Father quieted a Jewish mob that threat-

ened trouble, and for that they made him a Roman citizen."

"Then you, too, will be one!" exclaimed Timoleon admiringly. Saul nodded, and Timoleon went on, "The Romans govern well, too. See how quiet Tarsus is!"

Saul was silent a moment. "That's not the case at Jerusalem. There the Roman authority irks the people." A far-away look came into his eyes; he forgot the soldiers, the market, even the boy at his side. Timoleon heard him murmur under his breath, "But when the Messiah comes!"

Evidently he did not know he had spoken, so Timoleon made no reply. The last of the soldiers passed. Saul awoke to his surroundings with a start, and with a quick smile and nod to Timoleon, went on his way.

After that when the boys met, they always spoke together a moment. They did not become friends: the gulf was too wide between Jew and Greek, rich and poor, despite Saul's apparent unconsciousness that there was such a gulf. Timoleon, knowing no other boy, cherished these brief meetings and made Saul the hero of many a boyish dream. Every scrap of information that Saul let fall about himself was treasured.

Days slipped into weeks and weeks into months. Spring again smiled on the city. Timoleon worked faithfully for Clion. He mastered the intricacies of the loom, and when orders were filled and weaving went on solely to lay by reserve stock, Clion was wont to leave the loom to Timoleon. What the man did in these absences Timoleon did not know, but he suspected that Clion was a lover of games of chance. He made money, yet he lived plainly, almost poorly. Apparently, shelter and an abundance of coarse food satisfied him. No one came to the house to visit him, and he went only to public gatherings. The man was a mystery to Timoleon, and he never ceased to puzzle over the secret of Clion's interest in him.

Clion was not unkind to the boy. But Timoleon felt that his habitual purr was meant to distract attention from his claws of steel. The boy grew very weary of the smirking smoothness of Clion's manner, and the ready flow of insincere words over his tongue. Had there been no more to Clion than this, Timoleon would have despised him, and it would have been hard to veil his contempt. But the fixed will, the reserve force that underlay Clion's apparent lightness, wrung from the

boy unwilling respect. Then, too, he admired Clion's skill as a weaver. So, though his distrust never slept, he lived on, not unhappily, in Clion's house.

No longer was there laid upon him even a semblance of restraint. Had he not gone regularly to business with Clion probably that faithfulness would have been enforced, and it is true he was forbidden to go on the streets of the city in the evening. But on the frequent holidays he was free to do as he chose. Again, he went often to applaud the drama, or to watch the contests and the training in the race track—he had not been a true Greek had he not been interested. But, most of all, he haunted the harbor. The hot blood of youth made him restless. He longed for knowledge. *To know*—that alone he felt would give salt to life, and satisfy the craving within. He absorbed eagerly all the men who sailed in ships and the traveling merchants who came to market could give him. Never did he lose sight of the resolve he had made that first evening in Clion's house: the determination to make his stay there but temporary. It may be that Clion's inflexibility of will unconsciously fostered the same attribute in Timoleon; but certain it is that the boy, outwardly

docile and satisfied, inwardly never wavered in the conviction that his future life lay apart from Clion's.

One day Saul stopped at the booth, his face shining. "This is my last day in Simeon's shop, Timoleon!"

Timoleon's face fell. "Then I will not see you again!" he exclaimed.

At the regret in Timoleon's voice Saul's face grew less bright. "Not often, Timoleon, because—I'll tell you a secret—perhaps I am to go to Jerusalem to study."

"To Jerusalem, your holy city! Why that would mean that you would be gone for years!"

Saul explained: "I want to be a teacher. Father and the synagogue elders have talked together, and tonight they will decide. If they agree that I am to be a rabbi, father and mother will take me to Jerusalem with the caravan that starts next month."

"So soon!" Timoleon mourned. "But what is a rabbi?"

"A rabbi is one who knows all that can be learned about the Law, the Prophets, the Writings, and the Traditions. So knowing, he is fitted to teach others. Now that I have finished the first three, I must study the last."

"You have told me of your studies here, but what do you mean by the Traditions? And why can you not study in Tarsus?"

"One question at a time, Timoleon. The Traditions are explanations of the Law given to Moses; of the Prophets; of the history of our race from the earliest times, even from the very beginning; of the Writings, the songs, poems, and wise sayings that have been handed down from generation to generation. Of course, these Traditions are not in writing, so they must be learned from the teacher's lips. Do you remember the Ten Great Commandments of the Law that I taught you?"

"Every word," replied Timoleon, his eyes fixed on Saul's face, alight with enthusiasm.

"Well, to that number the Traditions add six hundred and thirteen," affirmed Saul proudly.

"But how can you commit so many to memory?"

Saul smiled. "That is only a part of all that has to be learned. There is also the interpretation of the Law; the life history of everyone, no matter how humble, who is mentioned in the Prophets; the civil crimes, like murder and theft, and their punishments; and

all the offenses against our holy religion and how each may be pardoned. Of course, too, the different kinds of sacrifices and offerings for all the festivals must be known. Then we must learn how to live."

Timoleon's eyes were wide with interest. "You mean to be honest, and truthful, kind to the poor, and ——"

"Oh, no," interrupted Saul. "Of course, all that we learn while we are yet babies, but he who studies the Traditions learns how to walk, to eat, to dress, to wash—wait! I think I can remember the rule that tells how to get up in the morning. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"'When you rise from your bed, it is not lawful to move more than four steps until you have washed your hands and your face to cleanse you from the defilement of sleep. It is also unlawful to touch any part of your body until this has been done. And thus you must wash: Lift the jug with your right hand and pass it to your left; then pour water, which must be clear and cold, twice over the open fingers of your right hand, which must be pointed to the ground; then over your left hand, washing your face three times. Then

place the palms of your hands together with the fingers outspread and say: 'Blessed art Thou, O God, King of the Universe, who hast purified us through Thy commandments, and hast required us to wash our hands.'"

"But," protested Timoleon, "isn't it a nuisance to have to do everything by rule, and to do it the same way day after day?"

"Not if you do it from the heart, because it is the will of Jehovah!" cried Saul with fervor.

"I do not understand—but then I am only a poor Greek—how you can give all of life, every moment of your waking hours, to religion. We, too, worship, but we have time for much else: study, music, and games. But you have not told me why you do not learn the Traditions here."

"I might learn them in part, but only in part, and if I am to teach others, I must know them all. The great teachers are all in Jerusalem, the ones who have mastered the Traditions: Ismael, Simon, Joseph, Gamaliel, and many others. I want to study with Gamaliel, for it is said he is like his grandfather, the great Rabbi Hillel, who was kind and loving as well as most learned. Then, too, Timoleon, where should a rabbi be trained but in the

Holy City? There is the Temple of the Most High, in which is His Very Presence."

The hushed awe in Saul's voice kept Timoleon silent. Such reverent devotion was too high for him, what reply could he make? For a moment, Saul seemed forgetful of time and place. His eyes were far-fixed and his face glowed. Timoleon had seen Saul in these fits of abstraction before, and he waited wonderingly. Saul's lips moved, and Timoleon caught the words, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! ——"

Suddenly Saul roused as though from a dream. "It is late. I must go. But I will see you again, Timoleon, before I leave the city."

## CHAPTER VII

BUT he did not. Suddenly plans were changed and Saul's family started on the journey to Jerusalem within seven days. The time was so short, the days so full, that Saul did not come again to the market. Truth to tell, in the excitement of buying clothes and packing bundles, of last meetings in the synagogue, of farewell dinners with family friends, Saul did not even think of the humble Greek boy who gave him such loyal admiration.

For days Timoleon watched for Saul. Then, seeking Simeon's booth, he learned of the Hebrew lad's hasty departure. He questioned the irascible Simeon as much as he dared about the place to which Saul had gone; and he hung about the eastern caravans, hearing a bit here and a bit there about the regular overland route to Jerusalem, picturing always to himself the new scenes through which Saul was passing.

His restlessness grew. His inward resolve to separate his life from Clion's strengthened. He brooded over ways and means. He ate lit-

tle and slept brokenly. Some private matter absorbed Clion's thought and took him away from the booth for days at a time; else, assuredly, he would have noted the change in Timoleon, and possibly would have suspected how insurgent were his thoughts.

Finally, Timoleon decided that could he obtain a place in some caravan, he would join it just as it was leaving the city, trusting to the gods to protect him and to divert Clion's search in another direction. He was yet faithful to the loom, and as attentive as ever to the customers who came to the booth—now in lessened numbers, since Clion had grown neglectful of business—but he sought work after the market closed, wherever it was to be found: with the caravans, along the wharfs, and about the entrances to the race course and to the theater.

Part of his earnings he used to consult the soothsayers and readers of omens that thronged Tarsus, for no true Greek ever made an important move without trying by such means to discover the will of the gods. All signs were favorable, so Timoleon, assured that the Fates were smiling upon him, set himself to watch for an opening to escape.

It came very suddenly. The city kept the

spring festival. Timoleon wearied of the procession, and followed the water front to Aulai, where the big ships lay. He came out on the wharf just as the last of the cargo was placed aboard a quadrireme. The four rows or banks of oarsmen were in their places; the helmsman on his elevated platform at the stern, his hand on the rudder rope; several slaves grasped the anchor cable; others stood by the ropes to hoist the sails. Five minutes more and the ship would be on her way. Timoleon looked at her longingly, but he had too few coins hidden in the folds of his himation to secure passage, even had there been time.

The last of the slaves loading the cargo dropped his bale of goods and started down the gangplank. At the same instant, a Greek merchant thrust the idle crowd to right and left in his impetuous rush to the edge of the wharf. The deck hands stood by the gangplank ready to draw it in the moment the slave's foot touched the wharf. Seeing this, the Greek looked about wildly and, catching sight of Timoleon standing by the plank, suddenly thrust into one of the boy's hands a package and into the other a loose handful of coins, while he shot out the words, "A letter for the sailing master! Run! Run!"

So compelling was the man's manner, so urgent the need for haste, that Timoleon was half-way up the plank before the slaves beginning to draw it in saw him. In astonishment, they paused an instant, and that pause, brief as it was, allowed Timoleon to leap on deck. The slaves resumed their scarcely interrupted pull on the ropes, and the ship began to leave the wharf. Not a full moment had passed since the merchant's urgent will had forced Timoleon to do his bidding. The man shouted to him from the pier: "You can come back on the next boat. You've money for your passage. The gods go with you!"

Timoleon looked in his hand. Money? Together with a number of lesser coins, he held a piece of higher value than he had ever before seen. Bewildered, he looked up to see about him many curious faces—black Africans, copper-colored Egyptians, fair Greeks, and olive-cheeked Jews. He turned quickly to one of the sailors: "The master! Where will I find him?"

The man pointed his thumb, indifferently, over his shoulder. Looking in that direction, Timoleon saw a spare man standing in the bow, facing the deck. Sharply, curtly, he was shouting crisp commands to the red-capped

sailors. Not until the great sail had been run up, and the foresail and even the little topsail been spread to the wind, did Timoleon venture to address the sailing master.

"Good master, may I be permitted to give you this packet?"

Without looking at the boy the master stretched out his hand for the package of waxed tablets. He read each one through slowly and carefully. Not until the last one was read did he speak to Timoleon, who stood silently by.

"Where did you get this letter?" he snapped.

"It was handed to me on the wharf just as the ship was leaving, O master."

"Have you passage on this ship?"

"No, master, but I can pay." And Timoleon opened his hand to show the coins it held.

The sailing master nodded. "That is well. Where would you go?"

"To Alexandria, if this ship sails for that port."

"Minerva have pity on you! This is not a boat of the imperial service, but a coasting vessel. Cyprus, Seleucia, Cæsarea—take your choice. Speak quickly."

Timoleon's mind turned at once to Seleucia.

If he might not go to Alexandria, the second greatest city of the Empire, then he would go to Antioch, the next largest, whose port was Seleucia. Almost at once he answered the master, "I will go to Seleucia."

A hint of a smile lighted the master's face for an instant. "That will cost you little and you will see much."

He named the sum, and Timoleon counted it into his hand. At a gesture of dismissal, Timoleon turned away. He found his way to the rail near the stern. His errand done, he thrilled with excitement in feeling the ship quiver under him, in hearing the rhythmical dip of the oars, in knowing that the ship was following the Cydnus to the sea. The low, sandy plains and the salt marshes that bordered the river held no interest, and Timoleon turned from them to look again at the city he was leaving. It stood out sharply against the western sky. The University, the Gymnasium, the Roman Castle, the Theater, the Race Track—he could distinguish each clearly. But so dazed was he by the rush of events and the sudden change in his own life that he felt no emotion as Tarsus slowly drew away from him. It happened he did not even see the last of the city; for when he caught a tang of salt

in the breeze, he ran to the bow that he might catch the first glimpse of the sea.

But it was midafternoon when the ship slid free of confining banks and entered the Mediterranean. To the end of his long life Timoleon never forgot that first sight of the sea. The oncoming blue waters were rushing in great swells toward the land. On either hand, Timoleon saw the tops of these great, smooth mountains of water bend over, topple from their own weight, describe a perfect curve, and break into white foam on the shore. Fascinated, he made his way again to the stern that he might not lose too soon the marvelous sight. He was oblivious to the crowd that filled the deck. No boys his own age were on board, but during the afternoon others of the passengers stood by his side and tried to talk to the waif Tarsus had thrown aboard at the last moment. Timoleon was not lacking in courtesy, and his nature was too gentle to allow him to be rude, but his indifference was unmistakable. So he was left to stand alone as the green hills behind Tarsus faded into hazy blue and purple shades topped by the snowy peaks of the Taurus Mountains in the background.

The Greek lad's beauty-loving spirit ex-

panded as he gazed. He gave only a passing thought to Clion's wonder when night should fall without bringing his return. He sighed with pure joy when the orange-red ball of the sun dropped behind the white-topped mountain range. He was only eleven years old, but boys matured early in that Eastern land, and Timoleon's roving life with his father and the sudden loss of that only friend; the self-reliance developed while he roamed the streets of Tarsus, homeless; the enforced self-control he had learned in his year under Clion's roof—these factors had made Timoleon a man in spirit even earlier than other boys of that day and country. So it is little wonder that as the fiery crescent of the sun suddenly dropped from sight, the lonely boy thought, "All my past has gone just as completely as that sun. I am free, as free as the wind! When the sun comes up tomorrow out of the blue sea, a new life will begin for me."

## CHAPTER VIII

TIMOLEON slept on deck and was up at the earliest hint of dawn. The oarsmen were already in place, and even the anchor was lifted, and soon the ship was again on her way. Had she left Tarsus in early morning, with favorable winds blowing, she might have dropped anchor at Seleucia in the purple twilight of the same day. But no cautious mariner navigated at night along the coast. Twilight saw the anchor dropped, to be lifted again at dawn.

Timoleon was glad of the delay. He found every moment on the water a delightful adventure. Now, in the cool dawn, as he watched the eastern sky slowly flush, he thrilled anew with the consciousness that to him the new day brought a new life. For the first time in many months joy possessed him. When the curving line of the fiery sun first edged above the blue sea, the boy could have shouted from sheer happiness. After all, it was good to be alive. By an incredible happening he had not only escaped from Clion,

but had left behind Tarsus itself, and he thrilled with a sense of freedom such as he had never known. Never again would he be a waif. Now he knew a trade, now he could take care of himself anywhere. Courage and hope crystallized into resolution as the sun swung high.

It was noon when the ship dropped anchor at Seleucia. Quickly those on board disembarked. Antioch lay sixteen miles up the Orontes, and boatmen and carriage drivers contended noisily for passengers. Canal, river, and broad paved road connected this wonderful city of five hundred thousand inhabitants with its walled harbor, Seleucia. With two men, Timoleon chose a gig. Excitement caused him to break his usual reserve and to ask many questions. The driver, a gray-haired Greek, proud of his beautiful, gay, dissolute city, talked freely.

"There may be two other cities in the Empire of greater size, but not even Rome herself has a grove of Daphne," he began.

"What is that?" questioned Timoleon.

"That, my young stripling, is where we worship the great Apollo. No temple in the Empire outdoes his in magnificence, and his great white marble figure looks over ten miles of

such beauty as the world never saw before. Don't you know you had 'Better be a worm and feed on the mulberries of Daphne than be a king's guest'? No; never were such groves. The palm stands cheek by jowl with green oaks; great sycamores overtop the laurel, mulberry, cedars from Lebanon, and terebinths. Did you ever see a terebinth? There is a tree fashioned by the gods themselves!"

"Hush, man!" said one of the passengers, a Jew, holding up a deprecatory hand. Though the morning was warm, he sat huddled in his brown traveling coat. "You prate only of the beauty of Daphne. You say nothing of its shamelessness, of its vice, of the wickedness that makes it an abomination in the eyes of the righteous."

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "What would you? this is Antioch, not Jerusalem!"

But he was too fond of talking to mask his offense by silence. Again speaking to the eager boy at his side, he pointed out the great wall that surrounded the city. "Did you ever see such a wall? Three hundred years old and as solid as the rock it rests on! Not anywhere in the whole world is another such wall. Two chariots may ride abreast around its seven-mile length."

"It goes to the very top of the hills!" exclaimed Timoleon in wonder.

"That it does. Up hills, down into valleys —it was all one to the engineers who laid it out. And see the towers! Four hundred of them and every one a reservoir of pure, sweet water from the dense wilderness of the Black Mountains!

"Do you see the two peaks that thrust themselves above the walls? Those are the crests of Mount Silpius. The Temple of Jupiter crowns the nearest one, and on the farthest is the Castle. A legion of Roman soldiers are quartered there the year round.

"At the foot of the mountain are the rose gardens and lily ponds. You know of them, of course?"

Timoleon shook his head.

"By the great Charon! Then I'll wager you never heard of his head, with its crown, carved out of the cliffs of Silpius. But surely someone on shipboard must have shown you that. On a clear day, like this, it can be plainly seen."

The boy's eyes were round with wonder. "I did not see it. How did it come there?"

The driver chuckled. "Like a story, do you? That's the way of a boy! Well, listen.

When Antiochus reigned, the plague entered the city. Over the Styx, the river of death, the people went by thousands: beggars from their hovels; soldiers from their barracks; finally the rich from their great houses and gardens; and at last the king's firstborn son left the arms of his mother, in the palace, to join the throng that taxed the patience of Charon. The libations poured to the gods were plainly of no avail, so Antiochus, in his grief, caused proclamation to be made that he would give ten thousand talents to the man who would appease the gods and stay the procession of death. Three days later a very old man bent before him. And he said to the king, 'Dost thou truly desire to stay the plague?'

"'With my whole heart, ancient one.'

"'Then take thy money and give it to ten men—men of wisdom and honesty, men whom thou canst trust. Let them purge the city of all uncleanness, even to the darkest corners. Let them take everything the dead have left behind, everything their finger tips have touched, and burn all with fire. The ashes must go into the Orontes. Food must they give, food of the best from thy royal storehouse, O king! Let them do this thrice seven days, and the plague will be stayed.'

"With these words the old man vanished, but the king took his advice to heart and all was done even as the old man had ordered. The plague, of course, was stayed. Then Antiochus, in his joy, ordered Licos, the sculptor, to hew out of the mountain crags that overhang the city the likeness of the aged one! 'For,' said he, 'Charon himself wearied of ferrying so many across the chill river which the souls of men must cross when they leave this world for Hades.'

"So to this day, little one, the Charonium looks down on the city."

He paused, and the Jew who had before rebuked him spoke again. "Why do you fill the lad's head with idle tales? By your gray hair you are old enough to have wisdom. The aged man who saved the city was a hermit Jew, who counseled the king according to the laws of the Jews, given them direct from heaven. In token that I speak truth, Antiochus gave back to the Temple at Jerusalem the brazen spoils he had taken."

The Greek driver shrugged his shoulders. "Have it your own way! Jew patriarch or Charon himself, it is nothing to me!"

The third passenger, a middle-class Roman by his looks and dress, spoke for the first

time. "Where is the canal? Do we pass by it?"

The driver shook his head. "It lies on the other side of the Orontes. If you are interested in engineering, you should see it. Nothing greater has man done than for sixteen miles to cut through the solid rock. The tunnel is nearly twenty-five feet high and, in many places, the sides of the cut run up one hundred and twenty feet above water."

"Why was it built, since the river is navigable?" asked the Roman.

"That at all seasons, whether the river run full or low, there may be a waterway by which to carry freight to and from the city. Then, too, the pleasure craft and passenger boats impede the movement of shipping. And from Antioch we send every product of the East to every port in the world, even to that rude island in the northern seas. What is it called?"

"Britain," the Roman answered briefly, and fell silent again. But now Timoleon exclaimed eagerly, "I see the amphitheater!"

The driver was pleased at the boy's eagerness. "Yes; there is no lack of amusement in Antioch. You may take your choice of races, games, dances, processions, festivals,

shows of magic and sorcery, all manner of plays and entertainments. And the groves of Daphne," he added, wagging his head, "they are a very paradise of pleasure!"

"Be quiet, man! Speak not again the name of that place of nameless vices," commanded the Jew.

"Good Diana! Why do you come to Antioch if you despise it so?" ejaculated the driver.

"He is right," said the Roman briefly. "You are right, too. Antioch is magnificent; its beauty no one questions. But all men know it is corrupt. Rome is shameless, but that is because 'The Orontes has flowed into the Tiber.' Send the lad not to Daphne, the city itself is bad enough."

The driver, offended, fell silent, and no further word was spoken until the gig crossed a great wide street. Double colonnades of marble lined its sides; trees, flowers, and fountains ran down the center, a ribbon of green. Involuntarily, Timoleon exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

"There is no street like it in the world," affirmed the driver proudly. "Five miles in a straight line under cover you may walk in wet weather. And at night it is lighted by

lamps! Nowhere else, not even at Rome, is there a lighted street."

Timoleon looked at the Roman questioningly. The man answered his mute inquiry. "He is right, boy. This is the only lighted street in the world."

## CHAPTER IX

NICIAS, the Greek driver, gave Timoleon lodging in his own home, and for a week the boy did nothing but wander about the city, seeing the sights and rubbing elbows with Africans, Egyptians, dark Persians, dusky Arabs, Romans, Jews, and islanders from the Mediterranean. The world in miniature traded in Antioch, thronged her theaters, race tracks, and circus; listened to her vast numbers of strolling musicians; watched the acrobats and dancing girls; bought flowers of her flower girls, decked in their own wares; consulted the sorcerers and fortune tellers that were to be found in every wine shop and on the corner of every street. For a denarius a visitor might know what would befall him tomorrow. For a few copper coins he could buy marvelous charms, potions, and magic rings that were said to work all manner of good fortunes.

Not at that time, but later did Timoleon learn that despite all these supposed aids to smooth and prosperous living desperate prob-

lems pressed continually upon the dissolute people of Antioch and their corrupt visitors. Why else did crime flourish so? Skilled thieves honeycombed the city; professional cutthroats, and subtle poisoners abounded. Gay on the surface Antioch was desperate at heart.

But Timoleon saw only her beauty. Of course, he went to Daphne. Everybody did. Down the five-mile-long Colonnade of Herod, through the bronze gates of Epiphanes he went to the great road that for over four miles sped, straight as an arrow, to the famous groves. Those going out went on one side, those returning, on the other. Each side had three divisions—one for chariots, one for horses, one for those on foot. Fountains given by kings who had passed this way played in the carefully tended strips of park that bordered the roads. Timoleon's beauty-loving soul rejoiced in it all, even as in the charm of the grove itself. He saw only the bloom, not the decay; he had eyes only for the beauties in nature and the truth in art; and he returned to the city as clean of mind as he had gone out.

In Tarsus, a city without a tithe of the magnificence of Antioch, he had been able to spend eight months in aimless wandering. But the

year with Clion had stripped the lad of childish things. He had a man's purpose now, and in the markets, hunting out the weavers, he spent the last two days of the week he had planned to give to sightseeing. He found many in need of a skilled helper. Timoleon meant to choose the man with whom he should work; but the morning of his seventh day in Antioch, as he watched a tall, graceful young Greek throw his shuttle back and forth, the man suddenly looked up with a bright smile at the grave, eager boy.

"You are interested? You understand how to weave?"

"Not how to weave such fine cloth, but how to make cilicium," Timoleon replied honestly.

"The process is one. The only difference is in the fineness of the threads. Do you want work?"

Timoleon's heart had gone out to the young man from the first. He liked his open, frank look and he found the sudden bright smile irresistible. He smiled in turn and nodded. "I am looking for work. I don't know how to weave fine linen like this, but I would try hard to learn."

"I believe you would, boy," replied the young man heartily. "I like your face and

your manner. You are not pert and forward as the youths of Antioch are wont to be. Is this your home?"

Timoleon colored. "It is to be," he answered gravely. "I want to find work so I may stay here."

The young man looked at Timoleon keenly. "The boy does not look like a runaway," he thought. "Yet he does not want to talk about himself. But he looks honest. I'll chance taking him."

Aloud he said, "Well, let us see how you handle the shuttle."

Timoleon spent the rest of the day in the booth. In the evening, when the day's work was over, Philip laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and said heartily, "Hermes must have smiled upon you; you will make a good workman, Timoleon. Bring yourself and your good fortune to me again tomorrow. We will try working together for a week. Then, if the snarls in the weaving grow less daily, and you show that you know how to greet customers, we may be able to keep on."

Timoleon's eloquent dark eyes thanked Philip better than his halting words. When Philip arrived at the booth the next morning, Timoleon was already there. The week's end

found them firm friends; brothers working side by side, rather than master and apprentice.

Before a month had gone by, Timoleon was living with Philip and his young wife, Eunice, and was the devoted slave of Artemona, a merry little maiden five years old. The boy had been starved for love. This little family gave it to him freely. At last, after a full year of wandering, he had a home; and for the first time in his life he had someone younger than himself on whom he could lavish all the pent-up affection of his nature. Timoleon expanded in the atmosphere of this home like a thirsty plant that has found water. In truth, this spot was an oasis of purity and wholesome affection in the desert of Antioch's corrupt life.

So passed three happy years. Timoleon grew tall and straight as a young cedar. In Philip's home he found more than shelter and affection; he found sympathy in his aspirations. Antioch boasted no university, no scholars, no philosophers. But Philip was a lover of history, even as Timoleon's father had been, and he could repeat many passages of Greek literature. All he knew he gave to Timoleon, whose longing to know, to learn, grew

stronger as he grew older. He rolled from his tongue sonorous lines from Homer as he stood at the loom; he delighted Philip's household in the evenings by twanging the lyre rhythmically as he sang the great lyric poems of ancient Greece. Philip encouraged him in his hope of going some day to the University of Alexandria, the greatest in the world. Then, in an instant, this peaceful, happy world crashed about him.

## CHAPTER X

FEBRUARY, the month of fresh green leaves and tender blooms, had come. Greek Antioch kept the Feast of Dionysus. Oriental Antioch looked on, ever ready to play rather than to work. The multitude of visitors from all over the world applauded, seeing in it only one more of the processions for which Antioch was famous.

Philip and his family had together kept "Cask Opening," the first of the three-days' festival. The casks of new wine had been brought in and opened, and the wine drawn off into vessels, ready for the banquet of the following day. The second day the "Feast of Pitchers" began at sunset, with a great procession. Every Greek in Antioch took part. Little children rode with their mothers in carriages while the older ones walked with their fathers. Many were in costume as Horæ, nymphs, and bacchantes, and despite the stops that were made at various shrines for worship, the procession was distinctly a carnival. The wreathed marchers, with their torches, jested

freely with the onlookers, who pelted them with flowers as they passed.

Eunice and Artemona, closely veiled, marched with the women; Philip and Timoleon marched together in the men's section, for this religious duty was one that could not be slighted. But merrymaking is infectious, and Philip, as always, was full of quips and jokes. Timoleon felt a complete freedom from care, and entered heartily into the spirit of the moment. The procession rounded a corner, and Timoleon was pushed close to the footwalk. He was laughing at a sally of Philip's, but as he brushed against the crowd, the laughter died in his throat, and the merriment frozen on his face contrasted strangely with the horror in his eyes. For Clion's look held his own, and at the instant of recognition, his arm shot out about Timoleon's shoulder and pulled him from the procession to the sidewalk.

Taken by surprise for a second, the boy did not cry out nor protest. That surprise passed at once, and striking out vigorously, he called, "Philip! Philip, help me!"

But his delay, brief as it was, had allowed the procession to sweep on. True, Philip turned his head as though he had heard the

calling of his name, but the crowd pressed between them and he was gone.

Still trying to shake off Clion's hold, Timoleon turned sharply on the man: "You—you fungus of evil!" he stuttered, choking with rage. "What do you mean? You forget I am no longer a helpless child! The Furies take you!"

Clion grinned malevolently. "The Furies love their own! It was they led me to you. Are you a Greek and know not the rights of the master over his slave?"

"I am no slave!"

"No slave! Were you not running wild in the street? Did I not find you and educate you? Does not the law make such a child the slave of his benefactor? No slave! Ha! Ha!"

Timoleon paled. "But you forced me with you! And you said I was your adopted son!"

"By the immortals! Did you believe that tale? Why, son of a pig, did you think I taught you a trade? Why? Except that I was ready to shake off the reproach of 'mechanical'; ready to quit working with my hands; ready to become a gentleman, and to have my revenge of the gay roisterers that despise an artisan. They scorn the man who

works with his hands, but not the owner of a slave who works for his benefit. You spoiled my plans and made me the laughing stock of all comers! But back with me to Tarsus you go, you slippery eel!"

"Never! I have friends. I am not alone in the world now."

"Friends! Bah! I have the law on my side! And I better than friends to work my will!"

Clion's keen eyes had seen lurking in the crowd that kept holiday two of the professional cutthroats of the city. Timoleon followed his significant look, and understood. Force would avail him nothing. Well, then, he would play a part, and trust to the gods and his own wits to offer him a means of escape.

Clion read his mind. "You will come with me only that you may again slip from my fingers. The stripes and chains may spoil your craft!"

"You would not dare ——" began Timoleon hotly, but Clion cut short his words.

"Dare! So speaks the slave to his master? Think yourself lucky if I do not spoil that pretty face and brand you, so all may know you for what you are."

The paid assassins had drawn near, like flies to carrion. Where hot words passed might be work for them. Timoleon saw them and kept silent. If he could but keep out of their hands, the Fates might smile upon him. Yet Clion desired his life, not his death. What profit would his dead body be to Clion if his spirit crossed the Styx?

"A second time I go with you because I must. But do not think my friends will let me disappear without search. And when they find me it will not be well for you!"

"Again I tell you the Furies watch over their own! No man can find you tonight, and tomorrow we will be on the sea."

As Clion bargained with the boatman who was to row him and Timoleon down the Orontes to Seleucia where the ships lay at anchor, he kept a firm hold on the boy's arm. That alone would not have kept Timoleon from making a dash for liberty, but his eyes were too keen to miss the two shadows that had accompanied them to the water front. As plainly as though words had been spoken, he understood that Clion had signaled them secretly to keep within call.

"After taking part in the procession, I may be unclean and unfit to approach thee, O gods!

Yet as my need is urgent let this necessity so purify me that my prayers may be heard! Hestia, hear me, I beseech thee! Point me, I pray thee, to one of thine altars where I may win protection! Open my eyes that I may see the way. Athena, goddess of wisdom, deign to quicken my mind that by my wits I may break loose from this son of evil! Poseidon, we enter thy domain! Take me under thy protection and bring confusion to mine enemy! Hear, O thou mighty ones, and answer me!"

By the time Timoleon's voiceless prayer was ended, Clion's bargain with the boatman was made. He kept his hold on the boy's arm as they climbed into the boat, making it lurch so perilously that the boatman growled, "Blockhead! You made no contract for overturning the boat!"

Clion himself saw that they could not seat themselves, so he released Timoleon's arm and grasped a fold of his himation, saying, "Sit here! No, not in the seat in the end. I know what you have in mind! Here, in front of me!"

The boatman untied the boat, gave it a push, and leaped into his place. He pulled cautiously, first on one oar, then on the other, working the boat out from among its fellows

fastened to the landing. Finally the boat was free, and the man dipped both oars to send the boat by a strong pull well into the current. But just as the oars touched the water, in the fraction of a second that intervened before they pushed against it, with one movement, Timoleon was overboard. Clion still held the boy's himation, but its owner could not be seen.

Clion cursed volubly as he ordered the boatman to hold the boat still. "The powers of darkness are on the side of the imp! It is as black as Hades! Hold the boat still, I tell you, son of a pig! How am I to hear if it keeps bumping against the other boats?"

He continued to harangue, punctuating liberally with oaths. Timoleon, who had dived under the boat to the right, now held on to its farther side and listened, smiling grimly.

"Let him call on Hermes to lighten the darkness and clear the mist, and to give him speed in following! Poseidon is on my side. His river is my friend, and he may even lend me the magic helmet of Hades, so that I shall be invisible. Hear, O Poseidon, and help!"

As if in answer, another boat coming down the river to the landing ran into Clion's, and under cover of the confusion, Timoleon swam

swiftly and silently away. It was not easy to swim against the current, but when the boy tired, he could cling for a moment's rest to one of the smaller boats tied up for the night. Not until he had put nearly a mile behind him did he venture to shore.

When he dropped overboard, he had no thought beyond escape and return to his home with Philip. But his brain worked clearly as he swam, and by the time he left the water, he had rejected as impossible the hope of seeing his friends again. In the market, two days before, Philip had sold liberally to an Arab sheik whose caravan was to start for Damascus at tomorrow's dawn. Timoleon knew where the camel train lay, already loaded, waiting only for the first hint of color in the east to make its way toward the rising sun. Sheik Ilderim was a generous man. He would give Timoleon a place in his service, and in days to come, when he returned to Antioch, he would give Philip tidings of Timoleon.

Ceaselessly Timoleon prayed to his gods as he slipped from shadow to shadow along the streets. When at last he stood by Sheik Ilderim's encampment, he murmured, "Truly, the gods heard and answered me. Had I worn the helmet of Hades himself, as I asked, I

could not better have escaped notice. Of the few I passed not one noticed that I wore but a chiton, and a wet one at that."

The rest of his plan was easy of execution, and the evening of the next day found the caravan encamped far on the upper waters of the Orontes. Before the week's end the journey ended in Damascus, and before another week had passed Timoleon was hard at work for a weaver of fine linen, by the name of Pausanus. Sheik Ilderim went on his way to Cæsarea Philippi, to the lake towns of Judæa, and so by way of Jerusalem to Cæsarea-by-the-Sea, the port of the Holy City. From this place he was to turn northward through Tyre and Sidon, and again, within a year, to Antioch. He promised to seek out Philip and tell him why Timoleon had so abruptly left his home. The sheik would have kept his word faithfully, but robbers fell upon his caravan in the Jordan valley, and his days ended as a candle is snuffed out. This Timoleon never knew; and when again February with its tender green leaves and soft blooms came around, he rejoiced in the thought that at last Philip and gentle Eunice and little Artemona knew he was no selfish ingrate, filled with a love of wandering.

# BOOK II

## CHAPTER I

"Of a truth our brothers, the Nazarenes of Jerusalem, wax stronger day by day. No longer do they meet together in one place; their numbers are too great for that. Five thousand there are in the city, and among them many of the priests of the Temple. Daily in the Temple courts, on the streets, and from house to house they preach that Jesus, the Nazarene, is the Christ.

"Brothers, I tell you, they of Jerusalem shame us of Damascus. It is now almost two years since we went up to the Passover Feast at Jerusalem and there saw Jesus and learned of him. Were we not among those who stood by when the angel spoke to him from heaven? Did we not hear him say, 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me'? And did we not recall these words as we stood about the cross that awful day when he hung between two

thieves? Were we not in the company of the five hundred to whom he appeared after his resurrection? Yet what have we—either Greeks or Jews—done to bring others to him? Not even by signs and wonders have we who bear his name testified of him. But the Nazarenes at Jerusalem do the works of the Master. From all the country round about Jerusalem come the sick and those vexed of unclean spirits, and in his name the brethren heal them all. Brothers, again I tell you, we are lukewarm!"

The speaker, Pausanus, sat down, trembling with the earnestness of his emotion. There was silence among the Nazarenes for a time, then an aged Jew spoke. "We have heard strange tales of the Jerusalem Nazarenes. 'Tis said the rich are selling their lands and houses and giving the purchase money to the Apostles. Is there any truth in this rumor?"

Pausanas got slowly to his feet. The lack of response to his impassioned appeal had dimmed a little the glow on his face, but as he began to speak, his eyes again kindled: "It is truth. There are no longer rich and poor among the brethren at Jerusalem. Out of the funds provided by the generosity of those who are blessed with this world's goods, distribu-

tion is made to every man according to his need."

The Jew who had questioned shook his head. "That is a poor way to do business!"

"They do not think so. They say they have been blessed in basket and store, not to spend for their own pleasure, but that they may look after the weaker brethren, and so fulfil the second great commandment given by the Christ, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

The Jew, unconvinced, continued to shake his head; and another Nazarene questioned, "What say the elders and the scribes? How does the Sanhedrin view the spread of the teachings of Jesus, the Christ?"

"They like it not, but there is little they can do. The Sadducees had the Apostles imprisoned, but by night the prison doors were opened and an angel told them to teach in the Temple. The next morning, when the officers went to bring them before the Sanhedrin, called together to deal with their case, the prison was empty. Then came one and told them saying, 'Behold the men whom ye put into prison are standing in the Temple, teaching the people.'

"They brought the Apostles from the Tem-

ple to the court, and questioned them. Peter answered boldly—so boldly that the council had a mind to slay them. But Gamaliel commanded the officers to take the Apostles to another room that they might not hear the discussion. But as I stood with the crowd outside, I was pressed against the door so that I heard clearly Gamaliel say, 'Let them alone. If this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.' So they called the Apostles in and sentenced them to a beating. After which they were released. But they kept on teaching daily both in the Temple and the houses, and nothing more has been said to them."

There was a brief general discussion of the report given by Pausanas, then after a prayer together, the Nazarene meeting was over. When Pausanas stepped out into the street, a tall, dignified Greek, perhaps twenty-eight years old, joined him. Pausanas exclaimed in pleasure, "Timoleon, my brother, why did you not come into the meeting?"

Timoleon smiled gravely. "You know, Pausanas, I hold not with your beliefs. The gods have been good to me. Why should I desert them for the God of the Jews and his Son, Christos, whom you worship? But let

us not talk of this, the one matter on which we differ. Tell me of your journey down from Jerusalem. Did you find the robbers as bold as ever on the way to Jericho?"

Together the two men walked along the street called Straight. It was dimly lit by house lanterns, a custom newly brought from Antioch, where the first street lights were hung twenty years before. They went along the covered footwalk, separated by marble pillars from the broad, flagged central way for vehicles. They passed the great triumphal arch that spanned the triple ways of the street and shortly after turned off into a dark side street to the house of Pausanas, where Timoleon lodged.

The older man spoke less of his journey than of his joy at returning home. "I tell you, Timoleon, the poet spoke truly when he said that Damascus is a handful of pearls in a cup of emerald. Nowhere have I seen a sight of such beauty as that the traveler approaching from the south gets as he stands on the hills before coming down the valley to the city. The three-mile strip of orchards surrounding the city makes a setting as beautiful as the Garden of Eden our brothers the Jews tell of. The feathery, bright-green palm; the silver-

leafed olive; the tapering poplar; the sunny vineyards—each has its own beauty, and all are nourished by the sweet waters of Pharpar and Abana!"

Timoleon put up his hand in laughing protest. "Spare me any more rhapsodies, my Pausanas! You should have been a poet instead of a merchant. A bit of beauty ever moves you to words—not but what they always are fitting words," he added quickly, fearful that his friend might take offense.

But Pausanas only smiled. "I am but a homesick man, glad at heart after a six months' absence, to be again in my own city with my friend. I face the evening of life, Timoleon, for I like no place so well as my own garden and roof top, and no longer does traveling call me as to a delightful adventure."

"You are overtired, Pausanas. You should not have gone to the meeting the first evening of your return," answered Timoleon affectionately. "Six months from now nothing will keep you from your annual journey to Jerusalem."

The two men turned into the house. Not only were they business partners and friends, but, both being without family, they had a

home in common. Their love for each other was deep and strong, able to stand the stress of constant intercourse. On one point only they differed radically. Pausanas had long since forsaken the belief of his fathers. For years he worshiped in the synagogue—a proselyte of the gate—but for the past two years, ever since he had listened, at Jerusalem, to the teachings of Jesus, the Galilean, just before his crucifixion, Pausanas had been one of the followers of the risen Master. Yet he said nothing against the altar to Hestia which Timoleon maintained in the house, nor did he object to the leek for purification, which hung over the doorway of the lewen in which the altar stood. True, when, each morning and evening, Timoleon took the whisk and sprinkled himself with holy water at the entrance, before entering to offer up his prayers and libations, Pausanas lifted up his heart to the true God and besought him fervently: "Lighten his darkness, O Lord! Turn his heart from the vain worship of idols to Thee. For Thou alone art God of heaven and earth!"

## CHAPTER II

In six months, Pausanas did go again to Jerusalem. But he returned heavy at heart. When he alighted from his donkey, Timoleon thought, with a quick pang, "This journey has aged him."

Pausanas was unfeignedly glad to be home; but, though his favorite dishes were served, he ate little, and after the evening meal he made ready to go out. Timoleon interposed. "Let the Nazarenes meet without you tonight, and we will sit on the housetop and enjoy the cool breeze from Mount Hermon's snows."

Pausanas shook his head: "I would gladly spend the evening alone with you, my Timoleon, but I have tidings for the brethren that will not wait."

"I will walk with you, then," announced Timoleon.

It was a silent walk. Plainly Pausanas was glad to have Timoleon with him, but it was equally evident that he had no desire for conversation. At the wicket to the house where the meeting was to be held Pausanas paused.

"I know it is asking much, but enter with me tonight, Timoleon."

He said no more, but Timoleon answered quickly, "Assuredly I will go with you and hear the news you bring from Jerusalem."

The gravity of Pausanas' face deepened, but, without replying, he rang the bell.

Timoleon sat in the rear of the room and took no part in the service. A short one it was, for the Nazarenes had come together to hear Pausanas' report. He rose to his feet slowly and stood a moment with bowed head as though searching for words. Then he began in a low voice: "My heart is heavy and my words will be few. Great trouble has fallen on the brethren at Jerusalem. Stephen, the most learned and powerful of the Nazarenes, has been put to death."

Exclamations of horror arose, but Pausanas stood as a man in a dream until the room again was silent. "Just before I reached Jerusalem he was stoned to death," Pausanas went on. "Soon all the Church will be scattered abroad by reason of the persecution of the Sanhedrin. One Saul, a Pharisee, is the chief of those who hunt the Nazarenes out of Jerusalem. He drags men to prison, and to the scourge, and threatens them with death if

they leave not the city at once. He even tears mothers from their little children. He asks cunning questions, seeking so to entrap the simple-minded that they may blaspheme the Holy Name and bring judgment upon themselves."

Pausanas sat down, breathing heavily. For a time the Nazarenes were silent, overcome by the bitter news; then excited questionings arose; and it was late when Pausanas and Timoleon started on their homeward walk.

One by one the other Nazarenes turned into their own homes or into side streets. As soon as the two men were alone, Timoleon questioned, "Did you see this Saul you speak of?"

"Many times. He is not tall, slight in figure, thin in face, with burning gray eyes. His look is intense, eager, as one aflame with inner fire. Despite his lack of stature he is a striking figure in the white robes of a Pharisee, the snowy mantle bound on his head with a yellow cord and falling down low over his neck. He is a man of striking presence, and of great power, which he puts to evil use!"

Timoleon mused aloud: "It may be he. Let me see: he would now be over thirty years of age; possibly thirty-two. Certainly he would grow into a man of power, but ——"

Pausanas interrupted him. "Of whom are you speaking, Timoleon? Surely you cannot know this man!"

"Not the man, assuredly that is impossible. But I may have known the child that fathered him. Have I never told you of the boy, Saul of Tarsus?"

"Never. You have spoken little of Tarsus."

"There is reason. But listen, my friend, and I will tell you of the boy I knew there."

They had reached home before Timoleon finished. They stood in the court garden as he concluded his story.

"But could such a kind, gentle boy grow into such a cruel persecutor, Pausanas?" Timoleon ended.

"It is not impossible, my brother. By your own telling, the boy was fired with zeal beyond his years for the religion of his fathers. If he has grown to manhood believing that in no other way may a man lead an upright and a blameless life, he may think, not only that he is doing God a service by trying to crush all heresies, but he may even so far deceive himself as to believe that only by sharp, stern measures will the Nazarenes be led to see the error of their beliefs. Religious zeal will carry a man far, my Timoleon, and this Saul

may quiet the inward voice by believing that Jesus, the Master, was a deceiver and a blasphemer."

Timoleon sought his couch with a heavy heart. The high-strung, sensitive, imaginative temperament inevitably idealizes those whom it loves. Through this haze Timoleon now looked upon Pausanas; through it he looked back upon Philip and his family; upon his father; and upon Saul of Tarsus—the only real friends life had given him. He lay awake long, recalling every incident, every word that connected him with Saul. And as at last slumber came he dropped asleep with the prayer upon his lips: "Merciful Diana, soften the heart of the persecutor, Saul! Father of all the gods, look thou in pity upon him, and open his eyes that he may cease this blind slaughter of those who think not as he does!"

## CHAPTER III

A MONTH later, as Pausanas and Timoleon sat upon the roof, the wicket bell rang, and a moment later someone leaped up the stairs. Pausanas and Timoleon rose, extending their hands as a slender youth, one of the youngest of the Nazarenes, hastened excitedly toward them.

"Have you heard the news?" he panted. "Saul is in town!"

The two men exchanged grave glances.

"But an accident befell him just outside the city," the boy hurried on. "I had the story from one of the soldiers in his guard, who told it in the market place. It seems that Saul would not let his company rest during the heat of the day, as the custom is, but from the moment he first caught a glimpse of the city he pushed forward with all speed. The soldier swore that the sun-glare on the white road was torture to the eyes, that the heat was so intense that not a bird nor an insect stirred; the road, of course, was empty, for no other company would travel in such a heat. Suddenly

the light increased tenfold, a blaze of glory seemed to descend from the sky, and Saul fell from his donkey. A great sound filled the air. The soldiers heard no words, but Saul declared a voice said to him, 'Saul, Saul! Why persecutest thou me?'

"But the soldiers heard Saul say, 'Who art thou, Lord?' then wait as if for a reply.

"Saul said the answer was, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest! It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks!'"

The boy broke off his story, looking at Pausanas. "What do you think? Could it indeed be that our Blessed Master spoke to this man?"

"With God all things are possible, my son," replied Pausanas. "But what is the rest of the story?"

"The soldier said he stood by Saul and distinctly heard him ask, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"After a pause he spoke: 'The Lord says to go into the city, even as I had planned, to the house of Judas, the Jew, on the street called Straight.'

"Then he tried to rise, but he stumbled uncertainly, and the soldiers saw that he was blind. They set him on his donkey and led

him to the house of Judas. Oh, Pausanas, what shall we do?"

"Peace, lad. The Lord is mindful of his own, and it may be he is turning the heart of this man unto himself. Call the Nazarenes together tomorrow evening, for prayer, in the accustomed place. We will ask the Master to lead this poor, blind, blundering Saul into the light."

The Nazarenes prayed far into the night. And when they parted and each sought his bed, again each prayed that the shadow of persecution that hung over the little body of Nazarenes might pass away, and that Saul, the persecutor, might himself know the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Toward morning, as Ananias, one of the Nazarenes, slept heavily, in a dream he saw the Master, who called him by name. And when he had made answer, "Behold, I am here, Lord," the Master said unto him, "Go into the street called Straight, to the house of Judas, and ask for Saul. He, too, hath prayed, and even now, in a dream, he seeth thee. To him it seemeth that thy hand on his head restores his sight."

But in his dream, Ananias spoke boldly to the Master, saying, "Lord, I have heard of

this man. He has done much evil to the saints at Jerusalem. Even now he is here with authority from the chief priests to bind all of us who call upon Thy name."

But the Lord made answer, "Have I not spoken? Go thy way to him. He is a vessel chosen by me to carry the Name, not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles. In the days that are to come, he will suffer great things for the sake of the Name."

Then, very suddenly, Ananias awoke. The words of the Lord yet rang in his ears, and he arose. Dawn streaked the sky as he went down the deserted street. A cool freshness breathed through the city; the countless fountains that made Damascus a garden filled the air with a pleasant murmur; the perfume of roses was heavy; and here and there a wakening bird twittered. Ananias drank in the beauty of the silent hour, saying under his breath, "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning to rejoice." In the glow of his spiritual exaltation, his errand did not seem strange, but during the long wait before a sleepy servant answered his ring at the gate, his fervor died, and when the man looked at him in amazement Ananias could only stammer, "Judas—Saul—I would speak to him!"

"Saul? This is the house of Judas. There is no one here of the name of Saul," replied the man, about to shut the gate.

"Stop! Judas, your master, has a guest by the name of Saul. He came here two days ago."

"Oh, the sick blind man from Jerusalem! But the hour is early. Can your business not wait?"

"Let your master judge! Do you think I came at this time on any trivial errand? Call Judas!"

Judas came, his eyes heavy with sleep, his hair tousled, his robe thrown on loosely.

"I am come to cure Saul," said Ananias briefly.

Judas yawned. "Another doctor! Surely you make your calls at an unseasonable hour! But cure him if you can. He refuses food, drink, medicine, and seems sorely troubled in his mind. Can you cure the mind as well as the body?"

"All power cometh from the Lord," quoted Ananias.

"Ah, you are one of the Nazarenes! Do you think I would have left my bed for you? But since you are here do what you can."

He flung open the door to a lewen and Ana-

nias entered. Saul's eyes, bright with fever but unseeing, turned toward the sound. Ananias knelt by the couch, laid his hand on Saul's burning forehead, and said gently, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, who met you on the way as you came, has sent me here. Receive your sight, and be filled with his Spirit!"

There was silence. Then, at the same instant, a bird in the garden of the courtyard burst into jubilant song, and a long, bright shaft of the rising sun pierced the gray gloom of the room. Saul spoke slowly, incredulously, "I see!" He raised on his elbow and looked at Ananias, "Who are you that calls me 'brother'?"

"The Master sent me. I am Ananias, a Nazarene."

Saul fell back on the pillow and covered his eyes with his hands. "A Nazarene! I came to bind you, to carry you to Jerusalem to trial, and yet you call me 'brother'!"

"All we in Christ are brothers," answered Ananias quietly.

Judas left the room and Saul lay a time in silent thought. Suddenly he sat up. "I do believe that Jesus is the Christ! How can I prove that I am truly a brother in his Name?"

"Be baptized," replied Ananias simply.

Saul rose and cast his robe about him. "Let it be here and now!"

Into the deserted courtyard garden the two men went. They paused by the fountain, and solemnly Ananias spoke the words of the simple ritual. There in the freshness of the new day, among the dewy roses, amid the songs of the birds, Saul entered into a new life.

But suddenly the peace of the moment was shattered. Judas, hurrying across the court with a dish in his hand, stood transfixed. When he apprehended the significance of the scene, he hurried up to Saul and Ananias and spoke cuttingly. "With my own hands I seek to serve my guest, and in my absence he abuses my hospitality by allying himself with the foes of my faith. Yet, Saul, as you are my guest, eat! So may you gain strength to quit the roof you have dishonored."

Saul ate, but sparingly, and by the time he had finished a servant stood ready with his baggage to follow him from the house of Judas, the Jew, to that of Ananias, the Nazarene.

This was the story Pausanas told Timoleon a week later, on Timoleon's return from a hurried business trip to Cæsarea Philippi. Timoleon sprang to his feet. "Where is Saul? I

must see him! It may be—it must be that he is indeed Saul, of Tarsus!"

Pausanas gestured deprecatingly. "Be seated, my brother. Saul has already gone. He believes God has forgiven him, but he cannot forgive himself. He has gone into the desert to be alone that he may meditate and pray without interruption. But he promised to return, and then you can see him. Though," he added, "I do wish you had been here. Whether this be the friend of your childhood or not, he is a man worth knowing."

"Why did you not ask him if he was Saul, of Tarsus, my friend?"

Pausanas looked surprised and puzzled. "Truly, Timoleon, I do not know. Except that we spoke not together alone. With the other brethren, I met him three times; but we talked only of the teachings of Jesus, and of how the ancient prophecies of the Jews pointed to the coming of the Nazarene. No personal words were spoken."

"I understand. But I hope the Fates will be kind and let us meet when he returns to Damascus."

But many years were to pass before Timoleon and Saul met. Not for months did Saul return to Damascus; and at the time, Timo-

leon was far away on a trip to the coast cities of Tyre and Sidon. Saul visited the Nazarenes and went on to Jerusalem. When Timoleon, on his return, heard of this visit, the only comment he made was, "It is the will of the gods."

## CHAPTER IV

THE years went on. Gradually Pausanas left to Timoleon the business trips that disposed of the fine linen their weavers turned out in ever-increasing quantity. On each return, Timoleon saw, with a pang, that Pausanas' body had grown more frail and his spirit more gentle, more full of love for all men. Then came a day when Timoleon came home from a three-weeks' absence to find that this beautiful soul had left its earthly house—for Paradise, Pausanas' Nazarene friends said; for the shades of Hades, Timoleon believed.

By his brothers of the faith, Pausanas was mourned sincerely, but to Timoleon his loss was a bitter sorrow; deeper than any he had known since childhood, when his father's sudden death in Tarsus had left him desolate. Again he felt that his life had been uprooted. Damascus grew hateful to him. Its rivers; its roses; the murmur of the streams that rippled through the streets and of the fountains that played in countless gardens; its encir-

cling orchards of orange, apricot, fig, and pomegranate—not one feature of its charms any longer touched his heart.

After a year of loneliness he suddenly decided to put the looms under one of the weavers, a quiet, steady man, well-liked by his fellow-workmen, and to go himself on a tour that might keep him from Damascus for many months. His vision reached far. The linen that his looms produced might become known even as far as Rome. Possibly he would visit Macedonia; certainly he would go to the province of Asia—to Pisidia. It might even be that he would search in the great plain north of the Taurus Mountains, not for a market, but for some of his own people. Surely his father's name was not entirely forgotten, even though twenty-five years and more had passed since he started with his caravan for Tarsus. Somewhere must still live those of the same blood.

He had never been in Antioch since the night of his flight, now almost twenty-five years ago. News of Philip's death had reached him through a traveling merchant, but the man could tell him nothing of Eunice and Artemona. Timoleon, now a man thirty-eight years of age, smiled at himself, a trifle

bitterly, for having allowed a boyish memory of threatened slavery to keep him so long from the gayest and wickedest city in the Empire. Because he knew Pausanas would have wished him to do so, he sought out the Nazarenes and offered to carry for them any messages they might wish to send to the brethren at Antioch.

He found the city little changed. Apparently the same processions moved down the colonnaded streets, the same throngs crowded the road to Daphne. Not until he sought out the Nazarenes did he discover that while outwardly the life of the city flowed on in its old channels of idolatrous license, below the surface influences were at work that would live when Antioch was in ruins and its name almost forgotten.

Not that Timoleon had the gift of prescience and knew that from this Nazarene center life eternal would spread to all the world, but he did discover that this was a body of men and women as much more intense in spirit and devotion than the little circle in Damascus as it was larger in numbers. He found among their number men of distinguished gifts as leaders: Simeon, the Black; Lucius of Cyrene, also an African; and Manaen, the foster brother of Herod the Tetrarch. He found

them called no longer Nazarenes, but Christians. "The heathen world of Antioch first called us that in derision," explained one of the men of the Antioch church, to Timoleon. "But we count it an honor to be known by the Name and we speak of ourselves so to the exclusion of the term 'Nazarene.'"

"You are strong and wealthy, I see," commented Timoleon.

"The Lord has blessed us," was the grave reply. "He gave to us abundantly that we might have to send to the brethren in Jerusalem, during the famine. Barnabas, the prophet, and Saul, the teacher, spent a year in that city administering the funds."

"Saul?" questioned Timoleon. "Saul, who persecuted the Nazarenes at Jerusalem, and who afterward, at Damascus, became one of their number?"

"The same man! He is full of zeal, a ready speaker, of convincing logic and winning manner. The Church has just sent him and Barnabas to carry the tidings of God's love to the Gentiles."

An exclamation of disappointment broke from Timoleon; but the man, full of his subject, went on without heeding it. "We could do no less, for the Spirit himself so commanded

us. As we fasted and prayed together one day, the message came to one of the brethren: 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.' So, after a week of prayer and fasting, we sent them on their way, well fitted out for the journey with warm walking cloaks, leather satchels containing changes of clothing, skin bottles for water, knives, thick-soled sandals, and money in their purses."

He paused, evidently expecting that the liberality of the Antioch church would be commended, but Timoleon only asked, "Where are they?"

"They went first to Cyprus. Barnabas wished to revisit his home and to introduce his nephew, Mark, to his kinsfolk—had I told you that Mark, of Jerusalem, went with them? A fine, upstanding youth he is!"

"They are in Cyprus, then?" persisted Timoleon, with the hope in his heart that a six-hour sail would let him overtake his friend of long ago.

"No, no, not now! We hear they have gone to the mainland. But news travels slowly and we do not know exactly where they are," sighed the man.

Because Timoleon was alone in the city, and

because his sad heart was out of tune with its shameless merriment, he went several times to the meetings of the Christians. His friendship for Pausanas formed a link between the pagan Greek and these followers of an obscure Jew. He smiled tolerantly at their belief, but he honored the purity of their lives and their loyalty to their invisible God and to each other.

One evening, as he sat far back in the room, he saw two women enter. One was about fifty years of age, of dignified bearing, and with a face seamed with lines of care yet of an aspect so peaceful and tranquil as to set it apart even in that gathering of men and women. The woman with her was younger, evidently her daughter. Though past the first flush of youthful bloom, her regular features—straight nose, short upper lip, low, broad forehead, deep blue eyes, and light, abundant hair braided and wound about her shapely head—made her a woman of distinguished beauty. Timoleon noticed the warm welcome they received, and thought to himself "Grecian converts, evidently," then forgot them in listening to the chanting of the opening psalm: "Thou, God, hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

The prayer that followed was simple and devout, but the speaker of the evening spoke of things Timoleon did not understand. Timoleon's attention wandered, and as he looked idly on the faces of the Christians gathered—Africans, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, even here and there a stern Roman—his gaze lingered on the two women who had entered just as the meeting began. The older woman smoothed her hair from her forehead. Some subconscious memory stirred in Timoleon. He had seen that characteristic gesture before. Where? As he tried to lift the recollection into consciousness, suddenly out of the past he heard a voice: "Eunice, you preen yourself like a kitten!" The scene flashed before his mind's eye: Philip, romping with Artemona, pausing in the play to tease Eunice, placidly watching from her seat by the fountain! Could this then be Eunice? If so, the woman with her was Artemona. But Artemona was only a child! Timoleon checked his conjectures, and made a rapid mental calculation. Artemona could not today be a child. She must be a woman of thirty, at least. Certain now that these were his long-lost friends, Timoleon waited impatiently for the close of the meeting.

Evidently the two women had many friends among the Christians, for it was not until the room was almost cleared that Timoleon found an opportunity to approach. As he walked across the room toward the women, Eunice's eyes met his. Something in them held her gaze, which from indifference changed rapidly to surprise, to puzzled questioning, and at last, just as Timoleon reached her side, to recognition. Timoleon said simply, "This is Eunice, is it not?"

As simply came her reply: "I am Eunice. You are Timoleon; and this is Artemona."

At Artemona's puzzled look, her mother added: "When you were but a little child, Artemona, Timoleon lived with us and worked with your father."

Artemona threw him a quick glance. "I remember a big boy, who told me stories as we sat on the housetop in the evenings."

"Do you remember that?" Timoleon smiled happily. "You were so little, the years since have been so many that it would be small wonder if you could recall nothing of those days."

"Come with us," invited Eunice. "We have much to say to one another, and the servants wait to close this room."

This was the first of many meetings. Long

after all business was concluded, Timoleon lingered in Antioch. The surcease from sorrow, the end to loneliness that travel had not given him, that the charms of the dissolute city were powerless to allay, came to him through the magic of friendship; and later through the alchemy of love. When, at last, in the spring of 48 A. D., he took up his interrupted journey, it was with the promise that on his return to Antioch he and Artemona would be married. Her parting words went with him over the sea to Cyprus: "May the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of His Spirit go with you, my Timoleon, and bring you back to us in safety!"

## CHAPTER V

DELIGHTFUL was the sail from Seleucia to Salamis, the port at the eastern end of the island of Cyprus. Not for years had Timoleon been at sea, and every moment of the six hours on board the ship was a keen delight. As the boat drew near the shore he was thrilled with the beauty of the island. Valleys of green cedars ran down to the sea; peaks of white lifted their heads in the far distance; cliffs of red outlined the two long arms that stretched out from the island. Between them lay Salamis, its waters filled with ships. Some, the carriers of salt and silver ore, were big, clumsy, and dirty; others were light, fast-sailing boats for the rapid transportation of the famous fruits, wines, and precious stones of the island.

He landed, to find his own tongue spoken in the streets. Rome might make the laws, the Jews might be so numerous as to be a menace to the safety of the Roman government, but Greece it was who gave her incomparable language to Cyprus.

Timoleon spent but a short time in this city. His business quickly concluded, he took the overland route to Paphos. The paved road ran straight as an arrow's flight between the two towns. It crossed the broad plains that pressed up to the very wall that enclosed Salamis—plains yellow with ripe grain or white with nibbling sheep. It climbed the mountains that rose in the center of the island; it made its way through vineyards; past damp caves where salt was mined; by red cliffs where men dug copper ore; near mines, deep in the earth, from which came gold, silver, and precious stones. It left behind the villages where the miners lived and dropped down the mountains on their western slope to Paphos. One mile before entering the town it skirted the temple of Apollo, with its gleaming marble pillars. Finally, it ended its one-hundred-mile journey in the capital city of Paphos, lying on a little hill sloping gently down to a tiny bay.

Here was the palace of the Roman governor, Sergius Paulus, a cultured man, who, as a recreation from his political duties, wrote pamphlets about the products of the island, and also studied philosophy. The gardens of the little city were charming, and Timoleon

strolled about on the evening of his arrival, admiring the hundreds of graceful statues of Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty. Being a Greek, he knew, of course, that she claimed this island as her own. He walked down to the shell-strewn beach where, on a little hill rising abruptly from the sea, a temple of extraordinary beauty marked the spot where her followers believed she stepped ashore from the foam of the sea.

He found this city, like Salamis and Antioch, thronged with soothsayers. All forms of magic flourished, from the number calculations of the Chaldeans, the "mystic music" of Syria, the strange medicinal potions from the same country, to the predictions of the Jewish beggar woman crouching at street corners and telling fortunes. A scanty recompense satisfied these women, the gypsies of the first century. "A handful of barley, a piece of bread" was ample dole.

Tired of this miniature replica of Antioch he went down to the beach to watch the blue waters of the sea. After a time he noticed another silent watcher. "He looks like a Christian," thought Timoleon. "He has the same tranquil bearing."

Then, since because of his long love for Pau-

sanas and his later love for Artemona and her mother, he was kindly disposed toward all Christians, he moved across to the other's side. A bright smile answered his greeting, though the young man held up his hand to silence Timoleon's words. "Wait!" he pleaded. "The sun is just about to dip below the waves."

Understandingly, Timoleon spoke no more, and together the two watched the fiery disk descend until, in an instant, so quickly the eye could scarcely follow the motion, it slid into the vivid blue water.

The two turned to each other in mutual appreciation. The stranger spoke first: "A sight as old as the foundation of the world, yet one ever new and fresh!"

"Yes," Timoleon answered, "its only rival is the sunrise."

"You speak truly. But see what strange colors the clouds are taking on from the sun that has gone! Let us sit on yonder rock until the glory fades."

Not until the western sky had lost its radiance did Timoleon speak: "What beauty Paphos looks out upon from her seat above the sea! No wonder Aphrodite chose this island for her home!"

A look of surprise crossed the young man's face. "I had thought you a Christian," he explained frankly.

Timoleon shook his head. "I am not one myself, but the closest friend I ever had was one, and I am to marry a Christian. Even now, I am hoping to overtake a Christian teacher, Saul by name."

"What!" exclaimed the young man. "You know Saul?"

"I think I do, but I seek to make sure. Since he is from Tarsus, he must have been the boy I knew in early youth."

"What a pity you could not have been here a year ago! For some time Saul, the prophet Barnabas, and John Mark, who ministered unto them, were with us here, and so strengthened our little band of Nazarenes, as we were then known, that now we are of real influence in the city. You know it was Saul whose words so moved the governor, Sergius Paulus, that ever since he has been most kindly disposed toward those who believe on Jesus, the Christ. He even put forth from the palace Elymas, the sorcerer. You have heard the story?" he queried.

"No, but I would know it. Will you not tell it now?"

"'Tis not long, nor is the first part unusual. This Jew, Bar-Jesus, who called himself Elymas, came as a soothsayer to Paphos, which is plagued with a horde of his kind. He was half starved, for the islanders had paid little heed to his passing. But he was cunning, for he did not try to ply his craft among the townspeople, but made direct for the soldiers of the garrison at the governor's palace. By his dark sayings he soon established a name among them; thence among the household servants; and so, at last, the governor himself sent for the fellow. Be sure he made the most of the opportunity. It came to be that even while the governor laughed at the pretensions of Elymas, he consulted him more and more; and on several occasions he took his advice, even in matters of state.

"So stood affairs when Barnabas and Saul came to town. According to their habit, they talked in the synagogue, even as they had in Salamis; though there with but little result. Here it was different. Many Jews believed, and were not unwilling to join in the meetings we Greeks, who had learned of the Christ on the mainland, often held. In some way the governor heard how these men had influenced the Jews, who, on this island, have ever been

trouble-makers for the authorities of Rome. Sergius thought them wonder-workers like Elymas, so he summoned them to the palace.

"All the court gathered for the new diversion, and, of course, Elymas was there. It needed but a few words to show the governor that these were no magicians, but teachers. He is a man of broad sympathies and generous mind, moreover a student of philosophy; so it was no easy matter to put before him in a convincing manner the story of our belief and the basis for it. But Saul was equal to the task—Paul, the governor calls him—for before he began to expound the Word he had to explain to Sergius Paulus why he, a Roman citizen, was known as Saul. When the governor learned that Saul was his name as a Jew, but Paul his name as a Roman citizen, he henceforth ignored the name that indicated his race. Not that I blame him, for the Jews on this island are truly a troublesome lot!

"But I wander from my story. As I was saying, Paul approached Sergius Paulus in just the right way. He began by referring to that which all men know of the Romans: their love of truth, justice, and law; their openness to reason; their liberal attitude toward all religions, even though they lack true faith in

any. Paul went on to tell the tale of the Christ and to point out the beauty of faith in a living God.

"But my poor words cannot make you know the influence of that speech, for far beyond what he said, the force and power of Paul himself spoke. He glowed with enthusiasm. As the ready words flowed from his tongue his eyes shone, his whole being spoke of his own intense belief in the truth of his message.

"But Elymas continually interrupted him with sneering remarks. At the end they had a regular debate, but Elymas was so shifty he would meet no issue fairly. The governor sought a sign as to which spoke truth. Paul withstood his desire long, but at last, when Elymas twisted his words most unfairly and made them a blasphemy of the Name, Paul spoke, 'The hand of the Lord is upon you even now. You are blind. For a season you shall not see the sun.' And Elymas groped about so helplessly that, in pity, the slaves led him from the room."

The young man ceased his tale, and for a moment Timoleon made no comment. Then, looking out over the blue sea, now changing to purple as the night drew on, he said thought-

fully, "It is a strange story. The governor became Christian, you say?"

"No, friend, I did not say that; and I did not mean that my words should give you that thought. Never has he openly avowed belief in Jesus, the Christ; but he has put out of his court all workers of magic, and he is most kindly disposed toward all the brethren in the town."

"I understand," said Timoleon. "But what of Saul and his company? Why did they leave? And where did they go?"

"They left because they were compelled by the Spirit. They are chosen to carry the story of Jesus' life and teachings to all people, everywhere; not to the Jews alone, though they go first to them and speak in their synagogues, but to all men, of whatever race, or tongue, or belief.

"And as to your second question, they crossed to the mainland."

"Not back to Antioch?" questioned Timoleon, in dismay.

"No, no; to Pamphylia, which lies to the north."

"I know; adjoining Cilicia on the west," nodded Timoleon. "How far is Pamphylia from here?"

"A journey of two days and a night. But it grows dark. Shall we not walk back to the city?"

As they went Timoleon heard much more of the Christians in Paphos, and when his business was concluded he went with Alexander, the young man, to an evening meeting. The following morning he left the gay little town, a center of fashion, not only for the island, but also for the mainland. Exactly as the ladies of Paphos, in their beautiful robes of purple, green, violet, and rose, braided their dark hair with bright ribbons and bound it about their heads with bands of gold, so did the women on the adjoining shores. They even followed the Paphos custom of blackening the eyelashes, dyeing the finger tips bright yellow with henna—sometimes using this same henna to cast a reddish glow over their black hair.

But to Timoleon the charms of the Paphos ladies were as though they were not. Too firmly fixed in his mind was the remembrance of Artemona's pale beauty that needed no foolish aids to heighten it.

## CHAPTER VI

In the early dawn Timoleon entered a sailing vessel bound for the port of Perga, on the mainland, eight miles up the River Cestus. Like Tarsus, it had sought safety from the pirates of the Mediterranean by an inland situation—not that in these latter days pirates longer menaced shipping and rich harbor towns, for the strong arm of Rome had banished them from the blue waters of the sea. The little coasting boat passed by the new city of Attalia, perched on a white cliff above the gulf of the same name, and came, at evening of the second day, to Perga. It lay "between and upon the sides of two hills, with a wide-spreading valley in front, watered by the River Cestus, and backed by the mountains of the Taurus." Within its gray walls a Roman castle overtopped the low-built stone houses of the people, and a theater and a race course showed that amusement was not forgotten. Outside the walls, crowning a little hill, gleamed a white marble temple to Artemis, or Diana, whose chariot was the moon and who

hunted with a silver bow. Just as Paphos belonged to Aphrodite, who from the foam of the sea landed there, so did Perga belong to Diana.

Timoleon did not tarry long in the town. Summer had rushed up from the south overnight, bringing with it an almost unbearable heat. At once the town began its annual exodus; for all who were able left the heat and fever of this low-lying plain for the mountains. Even the shepherds were driving their flocks to the hills. Business, of course, was at a standstill; so Timoleon quickly arranged to join one of the many departing caravans. For only by traveling in large companies could the highlands that separated Pamphylia from Pisidia be crossed. No part of the Empire was more infested by robbers. To venture alone into that region was to gamble with death. Few who did so ever returned to tell the tale. But Timoleon was used to caravan travel and life out of doors was always to him a keen delight.

The beginning was the most dangerous part of the journey. But the country the caravan traversed was one of wild beauty; a land of green forests; of dashing streams, bordered by thickets of crimson oleander; of noisy waterfalls; of rugged cliffs; and of glistening

peaks. During the burning noonday heat the caravan halted, and both men and beasts rested under the trees or in the shadow of a great rock. If possible, it made a village khan or inn for shelter at night, though truly the shelter was of the rudest. Little comfort was afforded by an open field, enclosed by a stone wall and filled with quarreling travelers, barking dogs, and ill-smelling beasts of burden. In the confusion of this enclosure, each little group built its own fire, cooked its own food, and, wrapped in heavy cloaks, lay down to sleep in the open air.

But though comfort was lacking, protection was there; and that, after all, was everything in this wild region. At least so thought the members of the caravan when night overtook them far from any village, and camp had to be made on the mountain side. Little sleep was there for the men of the party. Constant guard had to be maintained against a bandit raid, and huge fires had to be kept going to frighten away the wolves and hyenas that howled all about in the forests.

The gauntlet of the wild pass beyond Adada was yet to run. It opened peacefully before the caravan—a smiling valley, gay with spring flowers, bright in the morning sunshine.

Those who journeyed this way for the first time were inclined to be impatient with the precautions of their companions who knew the road.

"Are we sheep," grumbled one, "that we should huddle together so closely on this broad road?"

A man near the head of the caravan turned in his saddle to shout to his brother in the rear. "No robber can surprise us here. Look how wide the valley is!"

"Diana save us! Be still, babbler. Do you want every bandit in the hills to know that we are coming?" rapped out Dacro, the leader of the caravan.

At that, though many still grumbled in an undertone, they closed the open ranks and ceased shouting back and forth. Perhaps this reluctant obedience was not so much a recognition of Dacro's authority as an instinctive reaction to the rapidly changing character of the country. The valley narrowed; on either hand the hills closed in; they grew higher and their rounded contours broke into jagged peaks and steep precipices. Nature no longer wore a smiling face, and, as if in sympathy, soon the sun withdrew behind heavy clouds.

Timoleon spoke in a low tone to a fellow-Greek on his left. "Carpo, there is menace in the air."

"You feel that, too? I am glad we put the women and children in the center of the caravan," replied Carpo, throwing an anxious look over his shoulder at his wife and little son, mounted together on a camel.

Even as he spoke the little band approached a gigantic rock that jutted out like a fortress, apparently barring the now narrow way. At a word from the leader the caravan quickened its pace and swung swiftly around the primeval citadel. Dacro glanced back to be sure that all had passed safely the menacing point. Instantly appalled astonishment stamped his face. The rock was alive with threatening faces. His expression hardened into grim resolution just as, from the rocks beside the road, six mounted bandits bore down on them. At the same moment the men from the rock hill in the rear surrounded the caravan.

Immediately pandemonium ruled. In terrifying confusion mingled the neighing of horses, the grunts of the startled camels, the braying of donkeys, the shrieks of frightened women and children. The bandits alone were silent. Contemptuously they closed in. Then

high over the uproar rose Dacro's voice, "Strike at the mounted men! Turn their horses loose!"

Every man in the caravan was prepared for a robber attack and each met the onslaught bravely. A horseman bore down fiercely on Dacro, but with one bold thrust he wounded the rider and so frightened the horse that he galloped off wildly, paying no heed to the man lying forward on his neck. Carpo brought down another rider, whose horse, in terror, trampled under foot the unmounted bandits who sought to capture it.

Meantime every man in the caravan fought desperately, not merely for his own life, but for the life of the woman or the child dear to him. Yet not one among them met the attack with more cool, stern determination than Timoleon. No child in the company looked to him as its sure defense, no woman trusted in him as her natural protector, yet he fought for all as though each belonged to him alone. And as he fought, for the first time in his life the lust of fighting descended upon him. Through a red mist he saw the robbers. As he grappled with them savage battle-cries rose instinctively to his lips, and he fought, forgetting why he fought, bringing down, in terrible

joy at his own strength, each man that stood before him. But one black-browed savage eluded him again and again. Each time Timoleon fought his way to another hand-to-hand encounter, laying low, without conscious effort, all who came between. So absorbed was he that he did not note that the clamor was lessening, and that he was being drawn away from the caravan. Not until two men closed in on him from behind, threw him to the ground, and bound him hand and foot, did he realize that he was alone with the robber band.

The black-browed bandit kicked him as he lay on the rock where he had been thrown. "Now, pig of a Greek, every blow you gave you shall have again! By all the Furies you shall have two for every one and pay roundly for each!"

"That scum back yonder," began another; but his leader interrupted him.

"Scum?" he spat contemptuously. "The spew of the towns! If I had had men—if you," turning in a rage on the man who had spoken, "if you had struck down that bawling leader—may the Furies tear him asunder—the horses would not have stampeded, the ——"

"Breath of Bacchus!" stormed the other, "Why did you let this spawn live?" thrusting at Timoleon contemptuously with his foot. "You—to lead us?" He went on with a string of oaths, interrupted by others of the band.

Timoleon listened intently to the war of words that followed. So he learned that the robbers had been driven off by the caravan without taking a single prisoner except Timoleon himself. Some urged vehemently that he be instantly killed, but finally it was agreed that he be spared on condition that he furnish the band with an address—not too far distant—to which it might send for ransom.

By the time the men had reached this decision about Timoleon the long shadows of late afternoon lay about them. Two of the band were sent back to the road to rid it of the bodies of their dead comrades. The remainder, with Timoleon, pushed rapidly northward. When they halted the sun had set. Parched with thirst and tormented by hunger, Timoleon, with many a kick and blow, was thrust into a narrow cave, a mere crevice in the rock. The robbers built a fire, and from some hiding place brought out a huge piece of meat. From this each hacked a portion, and

"WHY DID YOU LET THIS SPAWN LIVE?" *P. 138*

impaling it on the same spear which so recently he used in attack, roasted it over the coals. They mouthed greedily at the smoking half-raw portions, after tearing it apart with their hands, and when at last, gorged to satiety, they threw themselves about the fire, it was to pass about skin bottles filled with strong drink.

They paid no heed to Timoleon. It would be time enough on the morrow to give him food. Life should be kept in him, or he would have no value as a ransom, but more than this was not necessary. For the present, why trouble with him? They had fought, now they would feast.

Meantime Timoleon, the thongs that bound him cutting into his flesh, waited patiently for the inevitable moment when sleep should overcome the robber band. One by one they dropped into sodden oblivion. No dogs were with this marauding band, and for this Timoleon gave thanks. In the rout, two horses had been saved, and they were tethered some distance away in a little grassy glade. Before the fire died down to a bed of red coals, Timoleon noted every detail of the hasty camp, and mentally mapped out a route of escape. How he was to break the thongs that held him he

did not know, but that he would escape he was determined.

It was midnight when the last bandit sagged into an inert heap. Timoleon waited until he was sure no sound from the outer world could pierce the drunken slumber of the band, then, cautiously, he rolled from the rock crevice into the open. Outside the circle of sleepers lay a spear, carelessly thrown aside after the toasted meat had been torn from it. Toward this Timoleon painfully worked his way. But it was wedged between two rocks, and no effort of his bound hands could dislodge it. In despair he lay motionless by it, his eyes fixed absently on its glittering point. Suddenly he saw promise in its gleam. Slowly he edged nearer. If the rocks would but prove a vise and hold the point immovable, he might yet work himself free. Carefully he tested the sharp tip with the wrappings about his wrists. It was rigid!

The sawing was slow and painful, but at last the tough skin bands dropped from his swollen wrists. In silent agony Timoleon waited until the restored circulation ceased to torture him, then, with infinite caution, he drew the spear from the rock sheath that had stood him in such good stead. Then he set to

work on the bindings about his ankles. After a time he again knew the welcome agony of restored freedom of motion. It seemed an hour before he could trust his weight on his swollen feet, though really it was a matter of moments. But his feet doubled perilously under him. Impatiently he dropped on his hands and knees.

So he started away from the camp. By the time he had worked his way to the little meadow where the horses grazed he could stand erect. By some miracle he was able to get a firm grip on the tether of one horse. It plunged noisily, and Timoleon's heart stood still with fear. But no sound came from the slumbering band. Then some forgotten memory of childhood came to Timoleon's help. Under his breath, softly he whispered to the straining beast. What he said he could not afterward recall, but it was some incantation used by the plainsmen of the great northern plateau to tame wild horses. Over and over he whispered it, until at last the horse stood still and let Timoleon make his awkward way to its back. Still talking in an undertone, Timoleon turned the horse's head toward the road, far up on the mountain side.

More than once on that upward climb Ti-

moleon was sure the robbers were aroused. Sometimes a stone loosened by the horse's hoofs clattered noisily down the steep mountain side. Sometimes the panting animal slipped and slid on some smooth rock slide. It seemed impossible to make the ascent quietly. Surely one of the sleepers by the fire must awaken! But at last horse and man stood on the road, rough and uneven, but a miracle of smoothness compared with the hill path.

Until the horse recovered its wind, Timoleon walked it slowly. Then a whispered word in its ear sent it off northward in a swinging lope that ate up the miles and left the robber camp far in the rear. Yet, to Timoleon's strained eyes, the bonfire that marked the camp of the caravan was slow in appearing. As he rode into its circle of safety the dawn began to redden the sky. To the wakening camp he was as one returned from the dead. His story hastened the morning preparations for the road, and within an hour the caravan again was on its way.

## CHAPTER VII

For a day it skirted for the forty miles of its length the lovely lake of Karolis. Beautiful as it was, its sapphire waters dotted by emerald islands, Timoleon was heartily glad when it lay behind; for, far and wide, it was known as the gathering place of many robber bands.

By that time seven days had been spent on the road, and there had developed the intimacies and repulsions that attract and divide any company compelled to spend days together. Timoleon had been welcomed as a fellow-member into Carpo's family. That evening, as they sat about their own little campfire in the khan, Carpo remarked to his wife, "When Paul took this journey, last year, he must have suffered greatly."

"Paul!" interrupted Timoleon. "Do you mean he who was known for years as Saul, of Tarsus? The teacher, traveling with John Mark and Barnabas?"

"Paul, the teacher, yes; and with him was Barnabas, the prophet. As for John Mark, he left them at Perga; he went back to

Jerusalem, much to Paul's disappointment. Some say John Mark's heart failed him at thought of the dangers ahead—the dangers whose gauntlet we have run—others, that his aged mother, a widow, yearned for him, her only child. I know not the truth of the matter. Mark was young and of unripe judgment: it may be that the older men expected too much from him. On the other hand, has the Master not told us that it is not well for one who has put his hand to the plow to loose his hold and turn his back on the work?"

"But Paul? What about him? Why should he suffer more than others in making this journey?"

"Why? Because the poor man was sick. We of Perga are scourged with malaria. Barnabas, being strong and hearty, threw off the infection, but Paul, who is not robust at the best of times, suffered from the day after he landed at Perga. Barnabas was a good nurse, but this must have been a hard journey for Paul."

"To what place were they bound?"

"To the same place as you now are—to Antioch in Pisidia!"

"I wonder if they are still there," mused Timoleon.

"No, not they. They returned to Perga this spring, and are now in Attalia."

"In Attalia! And, in order to get to Perga before the coming of the heat, I passed by Attalia!"

"Do you wish to meet the famous teacher, Paul, or do you already know him and desire to see him again?" questioned Carpo curiously.

"I think I knew him in youth, and I would like to meet him again," answered Timoleon. "But, as you are Christians, tell me of his work in Perga."

"There is little to tell," said Carpo ruefully. "When he first came to Perga, the town was, even as you found it this year, in the commotion that always attends our annual migration. Then, too, Paul fell ill almost immediately upon his arrival. And when he and Barnabas returned this spring they preached to the handful of Nazarenes—we who fled from Jerusalem when the persecution arose there. But their stay was short, even as it will be in Attalia, where there are few Christians and no synagogues."

"From Attalia, where did they purpose to go?"

"Oh, they are returning to Antioch in

Syria, to the church that sent them forth. Of course, you who are from that city know that the church there is the chief of all the Christian brotherhoods."

"I know," replied Timoleon absently. His thoughts were back in Antioch, and he longed for the little oasis of love that awaited him there. He thought, "If only this long and tiresome journey were ended!"

## CHAPTER VIII

THE following day the caravan reached Neapolis. Carpo, and his wife and son, stopped here, but Timoleon followed the broad, paved road that covered the twenty miles between this town and Antioch in Pisidia. This was one of sixteen cities built by Seleucus, and was named "Antioch" in honor of his father, Antiochus. Timoleon could see the city long before his patient donkey reached the low, arched gate in the thick, high wall that surrounded this Roman center for troops. From a distance, Antioch looked like a great dream castle, for it lay on the sloping mountain side, and its magnificent buildings—the immense theater, the great race course, the Temple to the Moon, and the Temple to Bacchus—all were of marble and shone with dazzling whiteness in the sun. The great mountain upreared behind the city like a giant sentinel keeping guard, was deeply, darkly green with evergreens. Like a queen, dazzling in her magnificence, Antioch sat on her emerald mountain throne.

West to Ephesus and Smyrna stretched the broad highway. East to the Cilician Pass and Tarsus it wandered. Over it moved long caravans and bands of disciplined Roman soldiers. In this Roman colony Timoleon found many speaking the Latin tongue, yet so many of his own countrymen were there that the city was a center of Greek culture. As in all the towns of the Empire the Jews were many; but here they were devout and influential, the descendants of a large colony settled there by one of the Seleucid kings.

Curiosity led Timoleon to the leading synagogue, the first he had ever entered. He found no temple of gleaming marble, but a plain stone building with a branched candlestick carved over the entrance door. Sometimes, Timoleon knew, the insignia that marked a building for a synagogue was not a candlestick, but a trailing grapevine and a bunch of grapes, carved in stone. He entered a dim, cool room, on whose paved floor the men were sitting cross-legged on straw mats or small, worn rugs. Timoleon, following the custom, slipped off his sandals on entering; but he did not, as did all the Jews, at the same time tie on his arm and forehead the phylacteries, or little cases, each containing a strip of parchment inscribed

with four passages from the Law. Timoleon noted that over his shoulders each man wore a "tallith," or four-cornered praying shawl, each corner emphasized by a tassel of hyacinth blue. He knew that a true Jew would rather not go to the synagogue at all than go without his shawl, which only a Jew could wear, and whose fringe, including the tassels of eight wool threads, "the color of God's throne," was very sacred. His thought flew back to Tarsus days when Saul had explained to him that, hundreds of years before, Moses had commanded the people to make and to wear these shawls. Saul had told him, too, that as prayers were said in the synagogue everyone kissed one of these blue tassels, and that each man, putting on his shawl as he entered the synagogue, repeated certain words. Timoleon tried to recall them, and at last they flashed out distinctly before his mind's eye: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, who hast made us perfect with Thy commandments, and hast given us the Law of the Fringes!"

To one side of the synagogue Timoleon saw a latticed screen. Here, he knew, sat the women and children. This screen was on the opposite side of the room from an ever-burning lamp, which shone like a star in the dim,

cool room, with its tiny windows set high in the walls. All the men faced this lamp, as did also the rest of the congregation seated behind the screen; for, facing so, they looked toward Jerusalem and the Temple. The lamp hung before a beautiful curtain of the Temple colors: scarlet, purple, and white. Evidently there was a recess in the wall, but what it contained Timoleon could not remember—if, indeed, Saul had ever told him.

In the center of the room was a raised platform with a desk, and back of it some seats. Timoleon smiled to himself as he thought, "I wonder if there is any competition here as to who shall sit in these, the chief seats." But his thoughts were stilled by a voice repeating in Latin, the current tongue of this Roman colony, "Blessed is the Lord, King of the world!" The people arose and joined in the prayer as it went on:

> Who made light and darkness
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Who, in goodness, day by day, and every day,
> Renews the works of creation.

"Amen," said the voice as the people stood with bowed head. Then together they recited:

With great love Thou hast loved us, O, our God!
With great pity Thou hast pitied us, our Father and King!
Have mercy on us, and teach us;
Give light to our eyes in the Law;
And unite our hearts to love and fear Thee.

The people sat down, and the chazan, or minister, took his place before the curtain. The reader came up to the desk in the center of the room, and led the people as they responded "Amen" in the pause the chazan made at the end of each clause in the prayer he repeated as he stood under the lamp:

Blessed be the God of our fathers,
Who remembers His gracious promises,
And brings a saviour to our children.

After the last "Amen," the chazan went behind the curtain and came out carrying a long roll of parchment, which he laid on the desk before the reader. This was the Law, which was read in Hebrew. At the end of each sentence the reader paused, while the chazan, standing to one side, repeated the words in Latin. Had the town been Greek, Timoleon knew he would have put his translation into that tongue.

The lesson for the day read and translated, the chazan returned the roll to its place behind the curtain, and brought out another, this time the Prophets, which was read in the same way. There was a pause, which Timoleon did not understand. After a short time, the reader again arose and asked, "Have none among you a word of teaching?"

Apparently, no one felt moved to come forward to the teacher's desk and explain any of the Scripture just read, so the reader lifted his hands, with the tips of his fingers touching, and after the people had risen he repeated solemnly:

> "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee,
> The Lord make His face shine upon thee,
> And give thee peace."

"Amen," responded the people, and the service was over.

As Timoleon passed out of the door, he found himself by the side of a bright-faced boy. To him he put the question in his mind: "Enlighten the ignorance of one who is not familiar with the service, my boy: Do you have no music, no songs?"

The boy's face shone. "Oh, beautiful music, stranger! The songs and chants have

come down to us through the generations, even as have the prayers. But music is for festival days, not for the regular service."

"Do you have many visitors? I thought I saw others today, who, like myself, did not know how to follow the service."

"There are always visitors," replied the boy, as he moved down the street by Timoleon's side. "Sometimes, people from the city; very often, travelers." After a pause, he added: "It was strange there was no one to speak today. Usually one of our own members explains the Law or the Prophets, though if any distinguished stranger is among us, the reader asks him if he will not speak."

"In that way you must hear some interesting talks," commented Timoleon.

"Oh, we do. About a year ago we had an exciting time, I can tell you. Two travelers were in the congregation: one a big, fine-looking man, with a kind face; the other a thin, little man, with burning eyes. When the reader said to them, 'If ye have any word of exhortation to the people, say on,' the little man came up to the desk. He could talk; you should have heard him! He told us how a man named Jesus had been crucified at Jerusalem. Then—think of it!—he claimed that

this man, a peasant from Galilee, was the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, so long foretold by all our prophets. Worse than that, he belittled the Law, saying that it could not make us just, but that belief in this impostor could. Did you ever hear such heresy?"

Timoleon made an unintelligible sound, and the boy, taking it for assent, hurried glibly on.

"You'll hardly believe it, but those men came again the next Sabbath. And though the reader did not this time single them out to speak, no sooner did he give the usual invitation to everyone than up jumped the little man. The synagogue was packed. It looked as if the whole city had crowded in. The man said all he had the Sabbath before; but when he said that the man Jesus—did I tell you he was only a carpenter?—was the Christ, our elders stopped him and told him not to blaspheme in the synagogue. But do you think he stopped? Not he! He even went on to say that if we Jews, the chosen people, would not accept this man as the Messiah, the Lord—the Lord, *our* God, mind you!—had told him to turn to the Gentiles. Think of that! As though the Gentiles could have any part in the kingdom of the Messiah!"

Taking Timoleon's silence for interest, the boy rattled on. "Well, the two men never came again to the synagogue, but they did gather together the Gentiles, among them a lot that had been coming regularly to our synagogue, and held meetings with them weekly; sometimes oftener than that. The little man was a tentmaker, and he worked at his trade during the day and talked in the evening. The big man didn't talk much, but he was a friend to everyone, and some claimed he was a prophet. Anyway, they stayed on so late in the fall that winter caught them here. Say, stranger, have you ever been here in the winter?"

"Never," replied Timoleon.

"This is just about the coldest place in the world, I guess—and you should see the snow! The streets are piled high with it, and no one can travel, the roads are so drifted. Then when it begins to melt in the spring, I tell you it's a sight! Every little gorge is filled with a tearing stream, and the roads are washed away and ——"

"You say these travelers spent the winter in Antioch?" interrupted Timoleon, leading the boy back to his subject.

"Yes, and they might have been here yet,

for that matter, but we Jews decided that they had stirred up enough trouble during the winter. Do you know"—the boy lowered his voice—"some of our own people listened to them and left the synagogue for the gatherings of these Christians, as they call themselves? So the elders decided it was time to interfere. Not everyone here knows just how they were put out of the city, but father is an elder, so I know the whole story. The wives of some of the city authorities attend the synagogue regularly. It was shown them how mischievous these men were, and they talked to their husbands about the disturbance these men were making. And the first thing those two trouble makers knew the magistrates ordered them to leave the city! It is rumored that before they got away some of the older boys in the synagogue gave them a beating with birch rods, but I don't know about that for certain—father never answers when I question him."

"He is a wise man," thought Timoleon. "That is, if he wishes to keep the matter private; for certainly his son has a loose tongue."

Aloud he said, "You have told me an interesting tale, and made short a long walk. Be-

fore we part, can you tell me the names of these men?"

"Of course. The little one was Paul, and the big one was Barnabas."

## CHAPTER IX

ONE sunny morning in June Timoleon left Antioch for Iconium, forty miles farther east on the great Roman road. The drab peaks of two mountains, upreared from the level plains, marked the spot where lay this, the oldest city in the world, according to the claim of its people. Privately, Timoleon believed Damascus, where he had lived for so many years, to be the older, yet, in his heart, he knew the matter was one impossible to decide. Back, back through the past ages, even to the Flood, went the recorded history of each of these ancient cities. Iconium had a tradition that dated even before that great world catastrophe. As his donkey jogged along the paved road, Timoleon thought of that tradition of the time of Nannakos, when the people of Iconium gathered in the temple, at the king's command, mingled their tears with his when he told them the message given to him by the oracle: "The time of your death draws near. It will be followed by a flood in which all the children of men will perish."

As Timoleon drew near he saw that in another way Iconium was like Damascus. It, too, was surrounded by miles of gardens and orchards, well watered and fruitful. But this city was a Roman garrison, and its principal temple was one to Adonis, the god who spent six months of the year in the lower regions and six on earth. Each year, when the tender green of new leaves appeared and the many miles of grassy plains outside of the strip of orchards were brilliant with the bloom of blue hyacinths and scarlet tulips, Iconium spent wild weeks in celebrating the return of the god to their midst. The priests danced madly through the streets to the blare of horns, the clash of cymbals, and the beat of drums, shouting as they danced, "Adonis lives! Adonis lives!"

But the many Jews in the city turned away their eyes and refused to look on this idol worship. On their Sabbath they met in the dim shadows of the synagogue, there to worship the one God—the God who had chosen them for his own peculiar people.

Timoleon found much business in this walled trading town. Moreover, he learned that in Lystra and Derbe, two rude mountain towns forty and fifty miles away, there might

be opportunities for trade. Very early one morning, before dawn reddened the sky, he left Iconium and its gardens. The greater part of his journey lay across a marshy plain, on which roved herds of bison and many bands of wild donkeys. They gathered about the spots where salt encrusted the earth and glittered in the sun.

Timoleon saw Lystra long before he reached its wall, for part of the town stood on a curious hill of black rock that stood out alone upon the plain. The rest of the city lay in the valley at the base of this rock. Outside the wall, before the gates, stood a great temple to Jupiter, or Zeus, as Timoleon termed this god. This was his city, and though invisible elsewhere, here his followers might expect to see him. And since Mercury, or Hermes, was the attendant of the gods, were Jupiter seen, Mercury, too, might be expected to be by his side.

Timoleon was astonished at the primitive character of this city. True, it was a Roman fortress, the most easterly of the ones established by Augustus to keep the wild mountaineers in order. True, too, Greek was the common tongue, yet, more than once, Timoleon heard the people, when in the stress of argument, or when heated by a quarrel, using

their own rude mother tongue. There were Jews in the city, but apparently no synagogue. In all, though on the great trading road, it was an uncouth town, little like pleasure-loving Iconium.

He found lodging with a fellow-Greek, who craved every bit of gossip Timoleon could give him about the great world beyond this little town in the backwaters of civilization. In return, he gave freely the news of Lystra. One evening, as they sat together on the house-top, in the moonlight, he pointed to the great Temple of Jupiter and remarked casually, "Zeus and Hermes were here last year!"

Timoleon exclaimed in astonishment, and the man went on: "Hermes bade Nican, a cripple from birth, to walk. That was after he had been about the city for some days with Zeus, talking in the market place of a new god, one Jesus, who should save all people from sin. We took the men for traveling Jews—for the gods use strange disguises, as you know—until they wrought this miracle. Then we understood their true nature, and, aided by the priests, we organized a procession to do them honor. We polished two young bulls until their skins glistened in the sun. Then we wreathed them in ropes of white roses and

scarlet geraniums, fastened together with bay and myrtle leaves. The young men held them and directed their steps; the priests, with axes and wood, with fire and incense, followed; after them came the citizens, on foot and on horseback, and the wives of the chief men, carrying votive offerings. Then the virgins walked two by two, bearing, as is their wont, the baskets containing the sacred knives and vessels to be used in the sacrifice. The children closed the procession, a brave and a goodly one, though we had but little time to get it arranged!

"We took our way to the house where the gods stayed that we might set them at the head of the procession. But, for some reason, they were offended, and refused to acknowledge their divinity. They rent their garments and cried out that they were men of like passions with us—a likely story—as though any among us could set a cripple to running and leaping! They even went on to talk of this new god, who, they said, gave rain and bestowed fruitful seasons; but they called him neither Dionysus, as is our wont, nor Bacchus, as the Romans do."

He paused for breath, and Timoleon asked, "And what was the upshot of the matter?"

"Oh, the bulls were taken back to their stalls in the temple, and we all went home!"

"What became of the—gods?"

"I left the city the next day. When I returned, they had gone."

"But," persisted Timoleon, scenting a mystery, "surely you know what became of them?"

The man grew visibly paler. "I know what the city rabble did; but neither I nor any of my kinsmen had a hand in that matter; so I will swear by Zeus himself!"

"Tell me," urged Timoleon.

"Well, it was this way: Some Jews came down from Iconium with a story of two men who had set their city at odds by their strange teaching. These men, so the story ran, stole away when it was planned to stone them, and these Jews of Iconium stirred up their countrymen here to believe that the two strangers here were the same men. They led these wild Jews and the rabble of the city to attack the gods, and they stoned Hermes to the death, then threw him outside the city wall. Woe is to the city!"

"What!" cried Timoleon in horror. "They stoned Pau—Hermes?"

The man nodded his head, looking about him

fearfully. "By the great Charon! I trust no plague falls on the city because of its impiety!"

## CHAPTER X

TIMOLEON hesitated about taking the long day's journey to Derbe, but, in the end, he again took his way across the dreary plains. He found the little walled town in a sheltered hollow at the foot of a black mountain. Business, he found, was poor in this rude mountain village. He spent one night with a fellow-Greek by the name of Gaius, a man of much repute in the place, of a dignified presence, and one possessing a keen intellect. Timoleon enjoyed that evening, despite his disappointment at having made a fruitless journey. That Gaius was a Christian made a bond between them, for Timoleon's interest was strong in all who bore that name.

When the two men said good-night, they also said good-by, for Timoleon was to start on his return journey at daybreak. Gaius wished him a safe ride across the plains and through the Cilician Gates to Tarsus. "It may be," he added smiling, "that some day the Lord will call me also to go about the world as you do; yet not as you, for I would go, not as a

trader, but as a witness and teacher, such as Paul and Barnabas."

"You know them?" questioned Timoleon with much astonishment.

"When they came here from Lystra, they lodged with me. Paul was much broken in health, but nothing can weaken his indomitable spirit."

"He recovered, then, from the stoning at Lystra?"

"It was a matter of some days, but he used every moment of his enforced stay to tell us of the risen Jesus. He told us to love one another, to bear one another's burdens, and to bear hardship as good soldiers of the Christ. He said that as no soldier on service entangles himself with other matters, so should we center our thoughts on one thing only—how to live a pure and godly life. We grieved greatly to lose our teacher, but Paul reminded us that God would give us understanding in all things. If only I might be chosen to serve as he! as a bearer of good tidings to the ignorant and dissatisfied!"

Timoleon pressed his hand warmly. "Gaius, I am not a follower of your God, but I have faith that he will yet use you for the advancement of his cause. Now may the father of all

the gods bless you! Perhaps some day we may meet again. The gods grant it!"

But before that day many changes were to take place in the lives of these two Greeks, one Christian, the other pagan, yet strangely drawn each to the other by some inner bond of spirit. For the present Gaius settled down to the quiet, uneventful life of a little hill town and Timoleon set his face toward Tarsus. That visit made, he would return to Antioch in Syria, where love awaited him. This love was to companion him on the last stage of his journey, from Antioch to Damascus, and there to make for him a home; such a home as he had not known since, when he was but six years old, his mother's death had set his feet on the road at his father's side.

But as Timoleon followed the great road, memory blotted out hope. His thoughts turned no longer to the future, but lingered in the past. Again he was a little boy, taking this journey with his father. He rode the lead donkey proudly into the Cilician Pass; he listened to the tinkle of camel bells behind him and to the roar of the rushing stream below; he passed through the Gates, the narrowest pass in the world. Once more the burdens of the laden camels brushed the gray rock

walls on either side—the walls that rose towering six hundred feet above the road. He listened again to his father's anxious warning, "Keep a firm hand and a steady head, my Timoleon."

Eagerly he watched for the first glimpse of Tarsus. When the pass opened out on the fruitful upland that stretched down to the smiling plain below, his heart sang for joy. The glistening white walls of the buildings of Tarsus, thirty miles away, shone like pearls in their setting of green. At that distance he could not distinguish the university, the theater, or the gymnasium, but he could pick out the silver thread of the Cydnus and follow it to where it was lost in the blue of Lake Aulai. At last, in his impatience, he left the slow-moving caravan and loped away.

He found little change in the city itself, except that its buildings were not so high nor so impressive as he remembered them, the river was not so wide, and the streets looked mean and narrow compared with the thoroughfares memory had constructed. The inn was not the imposing place of entertainment he had expected to find, yet he lodged there in comfort for three days while he visited the merchants and arranged for the sale of his

linen in the city where he had been a homeless waif, and later the unwitting slave of Clion, the Greek.

The afternoon of the third day he found himself in front of a temple to Diana. As usual, the steps that led to its broad entrance were bordered with beggars of all degrees of filth and wretchedness. Here the maimed and the halt vied with sufferers from unnameable diseases, to win a coin from those who entered the temple. Near the top sat, cross-legged, what appeared to be an old blind man, hand outstretched for the scanty dole that was dropped into it. On one side, a whining beggar displayed an ulcerous sore; on the other, an old woman shaking with palsy clamored for alms. Timoleon shuddered at the unseemly display and the shameless demands. "Poor creatures," he thought, "how low they have fallen that out of their misery and shame they would wrest the means to keep body and soul together!"

Mechanically, he sought in the folds of his himation for loose coins. Seeing this, the beggars on the steps redoubled their cries, each hoping to distract attention from his neighbor and to win it for himself. Loudest of the horde was the old blind man. Bent and

gnarled though he was, his thin voice piped loudly above the others. "Have pity, you who are favored by the gods! Let the light of your countenance shine on my darkness! So may you win the blessing of the Immortals!" Still screaming shrilly, the old man rose. Swaying unsteadily, he lost his balance and bumped awkwardly down the steps. The lowest cut a gash across his forehead, and spitting out curses the wretched creature lay at Timoleon's feet. Instinctively he drew aside. What concern was it of his that a drunken beggar had fallen? Quick on the heels of this thought came the remembrance of a Christian saying often quoted by Artemona, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Stooping, he lifted the man to his feet; but finding that he could not stand, he called a litter standing by for custom from the temple, and ordered the bearers to put the man within. One protested: "By Bacchus, my litter is for men, not for beasts!"

But the coin Timoleon held out to him silenced his protests. He tucked it away, asking, "Where do we take this—the man afflicted by the gods?"

Timoleon threw out his hands in a gesture

of dismay. Where, indeed? The litter bearer understood. "If my master wishes the wound dressed and washed with wine, I know an old woman skilful in such matters. If my master's bounty would reach so far as to reward her, we will carry the litter to her door."

"Go there, by all means," commanded Timoleon, with a sigh of relief. "I will follow," he added, noting the bearer's hesitation.

The woman lived in a poor, but decent quarter. At first she hesitated about admitting the battered wreck in the litter, but finally compromised by placing a mat in the courtyard. Here the man was laid, and here she promised to let him stay until the following morning. Timoleon gave her enough to insure the care of the man and held out the promise of greater reward if, on his return the next day, he found that the beggar had been well cared for.

Not until near the time of the sailing of the ship that was to carry Timoleon again to Antioch and Artemona was he able to return. He found the woman had kept her bargain. The man's cut had been dressed, his face and hands washed. As Timoleon looked on the sleeping beggar he was troubled by an elusive likeness. He dismissed the fancy and, turning

to the woman, paid her for her services and arranged with her to feed the man again before letting him go to his own place—wherever that might be. Their conversation was broken by a querulous cry, "What place—is this?"

At the sound Timoleon started. Surely he had heard that voice before. Going over to the pallet on the stone floor of the court, he looked down again at the man. His fixed look caught the beggar's wandering eyes. Hatred filled them; the hatred felt by the man who has thrown away his life, for any man who has achieved success. Slowly, the hatred changed to wonder, the wonder to recognition, and he piped, "So—Timoleon—has come—again—to Tarsus!"

Timoleon continued looking steadily at him. Then came recognition to him also. At his feet lay Clion, from whose threatened bondage he had fled years before. What had he now to fear from this broken wretch, whose days so plainly were numbered!

Bending over, he spoke to the man. "Clion, I am leaving Tarsus. Even now the litter waits to take me to the wharf. But before I go, tell me of my father's people. Though you proved false, he thought you a friend,

and on his last journey to Tarsus he spoke of your boyhood together beyond the Taurus ranges. Tell me, if in days to come I go to those northern plains, shall I find there those of my own blood?"

Cunning filled Clion's bloodshot eyes. Gasping, he spoke in disjointed sentences. "So, you would have—something—that none but Clion—can give. Such knowledge is—of price. What—will you—give?"

A great pity swept Timoleon. Here lay a man very soon to be on the other side of the eternal mystery, Death. Yet greed ruled his spirit even as in the days of his prime. Gently he answered the craving remnant of a man. "Clion, I promise this: while you live you shall not want."

Clion gasped out contemptuously. "How—do—I know—you'll keep—your word?"

Timoleon turned to the old woman and beckoned her to the pallet's side. "Do you know Shadrach, who deals in fine linen? His booth is on the central square."

The old woman broke into voluble proof that she knew the linen merchant, but with a gesture Timoleon silenced her. "If you will keep this man here and care for him, every week Shadrach will give you what is right.

He will see that the man gets what he needs and that you are given all you earn. Will you be satisfied with this arrangement?"

The woman assented, calling down on Timoleon all the blessings of the gods. Dismissing her with a gesture, Timoleon turned to Clion. "Speak!" he commanded briefly.

Stopping often for breath, Clion gasped that Timoleon was utterly alone in the world. His mother and father had been orphans. Neither had close kin, and each had found in the other all that family and friends are wont to give. Timoleon was an only child, and when an accident suddenly swept his mother out of life, the grief-stricken husband had carried his child with him wherever his caravans led.

Timoleon's own memories corroborated so much of Clion's story that he accepted as truth the whole of the dying man's statement. He rose from the side of the pallet, saying, "I must hasten to the ship. But I will keep my word. You will be cared for here, and may you find peace!"

A handful of coins so speeded the trot of the litter bearers that Timoleon found time to stop at Shadrach's booth and deposit with him the money for Clion's support. Then the litter raced for the wharf. Timoleon had but

scant time to board the vessel, yet it seemed leisure compared with the seconds that had flung him, a waif, aboard just such a vessel thirty-five years before.

# BOOK III

## CHAPTER I

As the sun was setting in crimson splendor behind Mount Prion, a great ship began nosing her way into the crowded harbor of Ephesus, the greatest city of Asia Minor. There was some delay in securing a place by the wharf to disembark the passengers, and meantime, the glory faded from the sky and those on board grew impatient to leave the vessel and go about their business or their pleasure in the great city.

One man, however, took no part in the restlessness and discontent about him. He stood a little apart, at the stern, looking back over the blue sea, now deepening into blackness as night closed down on the world. He was tall, of erect build, with clean-cut, regular features, dark eyes, clear white skin, and snowy hair; evidently he was a Greek. It was equally apparent that it was not age that had whitened his hair. Possibly sorrow had

set her mark upon him; but if that were true she had not succeeded in conquering his spirit, for his folded arms, the high carriage of his head, his firm-set lips and resolute chin showed him to be one who met life and its changes with courage and confidence.

He was so deep in thought that he did not notice that the other passengers were crowding and pushing toward the gangplank, until an arm was laid affectionately across his shoulders and a jovial voice said in his ear, "Come, come, my Timoleon! It is time to land."

Timoleon turned with a start, and smiling into the face of a stout, elderly Greek, answered, "Truly, Leander, you are a real friend; one who has saved me many times on this voyage from my own black thoughts! I am glad that you, too, land at this port."

Before them, when they stepped off the gangplank, lay a broad, paved street, leading directly to the market place in the heart of the city. The two men followed their fellow-passengers along this thoroughfare until they came to a cross street, distinguished by a workshop of some pretension, a place where images were manufactured, judging by the sign.

Leander paused. "If I mistake not, it is on this street that Fortunatus lives. Shall we try to find his house?"

Timoleon assented absently, and the two men turned into the narrow, unpaved road. Timoleon went along indifferently, but Leander looked about, plainly trying to recall his way. At last his face brightened and he exclaimed, "Here we are! Right at his gate, by the favor of Diana! See the great plane tree in the courtyard whose branches overtop the house wall? This is where our travels end."

So saying, he pulled the bell vigorously. A servant opened the wicket and showed the strangers to a seat under the plane tree while he went in search of his master. Fortunatus came quickly, and welcomed warmly his friend Leander and the traveling companion with him. With cordial hospitality, servants were called, the feet of the unexpected guests washed, and food set before them. The three men sat long at table, exchanging the news of the time.

Leander came from Alexandria, Timoleon from Damascus. Both had news strange to Fortunatus, while he, in turn, had much to tell them of the doings in the worlds that bordered the Ægean Sea. It was late when they arose,

and Timoleon went at once to the lewen Fortunatus pointed out as his for the night; but the two friends went to the roof for a breath of air before retiring.

"I like your traveling companion, Timoleon, of Damascus. He is a man of good mind and sound judgment, but he seems low in spirit."

The merry face of Leander clouded. "His story is a short one, sad, yet not uncommon. By the death of his wife, a good woman—a Christian, even as you are—his home is broken up. A fever entered the household, carrying off first his wife's mother, an aged woman, then attacking both Timoleon and his wife. She, worn out by care and sorrow, quickly followed her mother, and Timoleon recovered to find himself alone in the world. He put his business under an overseer, and is now seeking foreign markets for the fine linens his looms produce—though for that matter, for the past nine years he has been sending this linen to the inland regions of Asia Minor and to Cyprus."

"You say his wife was a Christian. Is he not also of the faith?"

"Not he! Though he has the greatest respect for that sect, and he numbers many friends among the Christians both in Da-

mascus, and in Antioch of Syria, where he found his wife. For that matter, he has friends among the Jews, and his own countrymen hold him in high esteem."

"Perhaps he may yet find 'The Way'—God grant it! How old is he?"

"About forty-seven years of age as men reckon time. But, despite his snowy hair, he has the spirit of youth and would easily pass for a man ten years younger."

The following morning was one of bright sunshine and cool, crisp air; one of the days November sometimes bestows as a gracious reminder of summer. Leander had business of immediate import, but Timoleon was tempted by the fine weather to see the city before taking up the quest of trade. Fortunatus offered to be his guide for the day.

"We will ride out to the summit of Mount Prion that you may see how the city is laid out. Since the air is so clear, we even may be able to see past the wall, four miles long, that encloses Ephesus on the land side to Smyrna, her sister city of the Cayster valley. Though, indeed, Smyrna is but a small place compared to Ephesus!"

An hour later, Fortunatus and Timoleon looked out over Ephesus, stretching over the

plain by the sea, running up the sides of Mount Prion. On her land side, Ephesus was surrounded by wooded hills, through whose green foliage shone the white marble pillars of temples and the palaces of the wealthy, for she was one of the richest cities in the world. Fortunatus pointed out the pleasure grounds and the public gardens that lay about the city. He showed Timoleon the immense race course, and on the western slope, facing the port, the theater, so large that in its circles of stone seats, rising one above the other, fifty thousand people could look on the acting in the pit below.

"Can those on the uppermost tiers either see or hear?" questioned Timoleon.

Fortunatus shrugged his shoulders, and answered, somewhat cynically, "If they cannot, each may gossip with his neighbor! And how else could Ephesus boast of the fact that she has the largest theater in the world; that knowledge contents those who cannot see and hear.

"The Ephesians are proud—and with reason—of many other features of their city. The aqueduct yonder, resting on great stone arches, carries a swift river of purest water from the mountains to quench the city's thirst.

A cunning system of canals leads the water from the Cayster to the gardens of the city. The market, of course, is unusually large. Where the street from the wharf enters there is a noble arch. Under it come wine and fruit from Cyprus, silk and dyed cloths from Tyre, glass and brass from Sidon, corn from Egypt, and," Fortunatus smiled, "let us hope, fine linen from Damascus in great quantities will soon enter also."

Timoleon nodded in recognition of the other's good wishes. "That is in the lap of the gods," he replied. "But I have heard that Ephesus has one of the largest slave markets in the world. Where is it?"

"It forms one section of the main market. A pitiful sight, truly, for there, by the hundreds, closely packed together, stand men, women, and little children, all with chalked feet."

Timoleon raised his brows in question.

"To show that they are for sale," explained Fortunatus.

"There to the east," Timoleon pointed, "in the grove, just outside the city wall, is that the temple to Diana?"

"That is the temple," answered Fortunatus briefly. "You will want to see it, I suppose,

since it is called one of the seven wonders of the world."

"The worship of Artemis has little interest for me. In fact, I worship none of the gods. Even the household altar to Hestia I abandoned years ago. But since I am in 'Neocoros,' the Temple-Sweeper of the Goddess Diana, I have a curiosity to see why the city calls itself by that name, once one of reproach."

"Yes, in the beginning the term *neocoros* was applied only to the lowest class of slaves," assented Fortunatus. "Shall we go down into the city and visit the market?"

## CHAPTER II

LATER in the day Timoleon took his way alone to the famous temple, the most magnificent house of worship the world ever knew. Like all Greeks, he knew the familiar saying, "Apollo, in his chariot, sees nothing more beautiful."

He knew, too, the pride of the city in being the chosen dwelling of the image of Artemis dropped by Zeus himself from the sky. Back to earliest antiquity a temple had stood on this spot, though the one that Timoleon now went to see was the seventh that had been built. Out of its own wealth the city had reared it, though Alexander had offered to contribute the spoils of his eastern campaign if his name might but be carved on its walls. The honor was declined: and Mount Prion gave its marble, the women of Ephesus their jewels, the workmen their labor that this beautiful shrine might arise, a testimony to the love of the people for their protecting deity.

Out the Magnesian Gate, along the Sacred Way, bordered by tombs and shaded by the

bending boughs of trees centuries old, Timoleon walked for a mile before coming to the grove that surrounded the temple. He entered the cool shade and found himself in a park that rivaled the gardens of Daphne for beauty. In the center stood the marble temple, surrounded by a double colonnade of shining white pillars. On each of the four sides fourteen broad marble steps led up to the portico, and the one hundred and twenty-seven columns of this porch, each of them the gift of a king, were beautified with color and ornament.

Before entering the great doors of carved cypress wood Timoleon had to take off his sandals and wash his feet. That done, he passed into a great outer hall, roofed with cedar, and filled with statues of gold, silver, and of many-hued marble—white, green, red, and blue—all chiseled by the most famous sculptors of the ages. And the walls were hung with paintings by artists of note, so that Timoleon could have lingered here for hours. But there were other things for him to see, such as the staircase that led to the roof, with most wonderful steps wrought out of one single vine from the island of Cyprus. Not all of the long building, four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, was roofed over, but the

most precious section, the kernel of all this beauty, Diana's shrine itself, had a marvelous roof of gilded cedar, supported on pillars of green jasper. On the walls hung presents from kings and queens, and in the center of the little room stood a beautiful altar designed by Praxiteles. Behind this altar a curtain, heavy with embroidery of purple and gold, hung from ceiling to floor. No worshiper had ever seen what lay back of the curtain—only the priests and priestesses ever entered that recess—but all the people knew that there stood the image bestowed by the favor of Jupiter.

This image was far from beautiful. In other parts of the world Diana's images showed her as a slim, graceful woman, with bow and arrows, ready for the chase. This image, however, was a squat figure, the lower half of the body a shapeless mass, the upper half covered with protuberances meant to represent "the life of all beings as fed and supported by the many breasts of Nature." Though only her guardians ever had really seen this idol, all Ephesus and the outer world as well knew exactly its form, for one of the best paying trades in the city was the manufacture of little images in the likeness of this unseen one. The gold and

silver ones were for the rich, the white marble for the middle class, while the poor contented themselves with tiny red-clay statues.

Timoleon looked at the curtain with interest, thinking not of the image behind it, but of the vast treasure chamber which the curtain also masked. In this unlighted room were the temple riches, and, more than that, deposits from all over the known world. For this was thought to be the safest place that could be found in which to keep gold, silver, and precious stones.

He returned to the house of Fortunatus in the evening to find his host and his friend already at the evening meal. The evening was mild, so the three men sought the roof after eating, and there the servant brought them fruit and cooling drinks.

Leander had much to say of the condition of business in the city, and Fortunatus and Timoleon listened with interest. But after a time all fell silent. Below, in the light of the full moon, the city lay outspread. Finally, Timoleon questioned, "Is it true that in this city, supposed to be Diana's own, there is a strong Christian church?"

"There is"; answered Fortunatus promptly. "Here is one of the few bodies of Christians

that worship entirely alone, without having any connection with a synagogue."

"How did that come about?"

"As the inevitable result of the work, first of Apollos, afterward of Paul."

"Of Paul's work I have heard in many places, for many years, but who is Apollos?"

"Apollos is a Jew from Alexandria, well educated, and a man of very eloquent speech. He came here, a follower of John the Baptist, to teach his own people of the immediate coming of the Messiah. But here he met Priscilla and Aquila, who, banished from Rome, had settled in Corinth and there formed a close friendship with Paul, the teacher. When he went to Jerusalem they accompanied him as far as this on his way; and, seeing in this city a fine market for their wares—they are tent-makers—they remained. They had listened to Paul to such good purpose that they were able to tell Apollos the meaning of the life and death of Jesus, and to explain to him how the Holy Spirit descended on every true believer. For some time he taught in the synagogue here, and he was such an interesting speaker that the Jews made no objection to the doctrine he advanced. Perhaps the fact that he was the son of a priest had something

to do with their forbearance. At any rate, so long as he was here, he taught freely."

"Where is he now?" asked Leander.

"He went from here to Corinth, bearing letters from Aquila and Priscilla to the Christians there. I do not know whether he is still there, or not."

"Where is Paul?"

"Paul? He was here upwards of three years, but he is now in Macedonia; at Philippi, I think. He is a man of wonderful persuasiveness in speech, though he has not the gift of eloquence to so marked a degree as Apollos."

"You were going to tell us of his work in this city," reminded Timoleon.

"True. Well, at the first, for perhaps three months, he taught in the synagogue, just as Apollos had done. He preached Jesus, the Christ, plainly, saying that if any man was in Jesus he was a new creature, that the things of his old life had passed away and all had become new. Further, he said that God had been in Jesus, reconciling the world unto himself, and not counting men's sins against them, if, with all their hearts, they turned unto him. The Jews liked not this way of talking, and they disputed so strenuously in the synagogue

meetings that Paul arranged to speak at the classroom of Tyrranus instead. So grew up the church here, neither Jew nor Gentile."

"Then his work was successful?"

"God's blessing assuredly rested upon it," replied Fortunatus gravely. "He made even the superstition of the people to praise him. Perhaps you know how strongly ingrained in the people of this place is the belief in charms and wonders of all descriptions?"

"I know what Antioch in Syria is," commented Timoleon. "Is this city more superstitious?"

"I do not know Antioch, but from days so far back that man cannot count them, one of the industries of this place has been the manufacture of images of Diana and tiny models of her temple. Of course, on the streets, as doubtless you have seen today, there are countless wizards, astrologers, fortune tellers, and the like, but aside from these, for generations the Ephesians have believed in charms. These images and models I spoke of are believed magically to protect their owners. If they are carved or graven with the mystic words that circle the robe of Diana, they are considered almost priceless."

"*Askion! Kataskion! Lix!* and ——"

"What are you muttering, Leander? Surely you are not so benighted."

Leander threw back his head and laughed long and loud. "No, not I! But today I had a customer who began this incantation and thought it pointed him to buy my corn. 'Twas a profitable play on words for me!"

## CHAPTER III

THE other men smiled, and Fortunatus went on with his story. "These people, seeing the power of the words of Paul to change the life of all who accepted them, began to speak of him and those with him as wonder-workers. After every meeting they thronged about him and touched him with their handkerchiefs and aprons. Then away they would go to their sick friends, lay these cloths upon them, and tell them that so they would be healed. Strange to say, many were; and so the fame of Paul grew, and the church waxed strong."

Leander snorted contemptuously: "And do you think those cloths could possibly help anyone?"

"I cannot explain the matter, but with my own eyes I saw men healed."

Timoleon spoke: "The explanation is simple. No man as yet has fathomed the exact connection between body and mind, but all men know that the mind works on the body."

"You may be right, I do not know. But I do know that Paul spoke openly against the

use of charms and magic. So effectually did he point out the wickedness of such things that many wonder-workers, who had ancient books that taught secret incantations, brought them to the public square and there burned them."

"That was a wonderful triumph for Paul," commented Timoleon.

"It was a mighty proof of the power of God that lay behind Paul's spoken word," corrected Fortunatus. "That same power was made manifest in another way. Paul spoke so continually of Jesus that some of the sorcerers of the city thought they would use the name in some of their rites. Seven brothers, who by reason of their being bound together by this mystic number, and who were in great repute as wonder-workers, tried, by the use of Jesus' name to cast an evil spirit out of a man. To their dismay the spirit answered them, 'Jesus I know. Paul I know. But who are you?' Then the evil spirit threw the man it possessed, on the brothers and wounded them sorely, so that they fled in dismay."

"Why did Paul leave this place where his work was so blessed?" asked Leander.

"The business interests drove him out," replied Fortunatus, briefly.

"What relation could there be between his teachings and the trade of the town?"

"Much: shrines and images are made here by the thousand, as I told you. At the yearly festival to Diana, in the month of May, the whole world flocks to Ephesus; even those who do not come to worship come to enjoy the games and processions. There are foot races, chariot races, fights between men and the wild beasts that you may hear growling and roaring in their vaults any time you pass the circus. Well, the Christians in Ephesus grew so in number that the strangers coming to the town heard as much of the strange religion preached by Paul as they did of the wonders wrought by Diana. Many came to the meeting with the friends they were visiting, others heard the matter spoken of on the streets or in the market. They listened to such purpose that the sales of the traders in images and shrines fell off seriously."

"Then the merchants stirred up trouble?"

"Yes. Demetrius, a rich silversmith, called a meeting and incited the tradespeople to put a stop to Paul's teachings. He was crafty, for, after he had spoken of the way their sales had fallen off, he appealed to their veneration for Diana. 'She who is worshiped by the prov-

ince of Asia, and all the world besides, will be brought down from her magnificence!' The traders answered with the town cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'

"The meeting broke up into bands going through the streets, shouting this well-known cry, and leading the people who followed to the theater. This the merchants did to obtain a following large enough to work their will on the Christians of the city. Half the men and women who gathered in the theater did not know what they were there for, but they joined in the city's cry with as much vehemence as though they had known what it was all about."

"That is ever the way of a mob," said Timoleon dryly.

"Truly it is, and what the outcome might have been no man knows. But after they had shouted for two hours, and were beginning to weary, the town clerk, a man of excellent judgment and most dignified bearing, stood up before them. He did not speak, but waited for them to fall silent, which they did very soon, for they knew that he stood among them as the representative of Rome. His first words pleased them. 'Men of Ephesus,' he called, 'is there a man here who does not know that this city is the *neocoros* of the great Temple of

Diana, and of the image which fell down from the stars?'

"The crowd had dragged with them to the theater two of Paul's fellow-workers, Gaius and Aristarchus, and the town clerk now went on to say that they ought not to have done that, for there was no charge against the two men. He added that if Demetrius or any others had a case against Gaius and Aristarchus, it should be taken to the city courts. Then, cunningly he reminded them how little liking the Roman authorities have for any disorder, and told them 'We are in danger of being accused before the Roman governor for this day's rioting.'

"In the end, he pronounced the formal words used to dismiss a public meeting, and the crowd sneaked away, glad to get off so lightly.

"As you may suppose, there was much talk in the market place and on the streets about this gathering. No steps were taken against the Christians, but it is suspected that the town clerk, who was a friend of Paul, showed him that it would be for the good of the church as well as of the city if, instead of waiting until spring to pay the visit he had planned to the Macedonian churches, he were to go at

once. So less than a month ago Paul, with Tychicus and Trophimus, members of the church here, went to Troas, where he expected to meet Titus."

"Less than a month ago!" exclaimed Timoleon. "Then had I been here but four short weeks ago, I might have seen him!"

"Do you know him?" asked Fortunatus in astonishment.

"No, not the man, Paul. But as a boy in Tarsus I knew him, and I would give much to meet him again."

"If you go through Macedonia, as you have planned, you may meet. There are many churches there, and Paul has the care of them all on his mind. While he was here he wrote twice to the church at Corinth; the last a very long letter, which Titus carried to them."

"Paul must be well up in years," said Timoleon, thoughtfully.

"In his fifties, I judge. But he looks older, perhaps because of the hardships he has undergone. He is slight in build, thin in face, with gray hair and beard and most expressive gray eyes. Though his expression is kind, his eyes are keen and searching: not the eyes a wrong-doer would care to meet."

"You spoke of Gaius as one of his followers. Could that be Gaius of Derbe?"

"None other. He came here with Paul, and later went with him to Corinth on a flying visit. He found business conditions there so to his liking that when Paul went to Troas, Gaius returned to Corinth. It may be Paul had a message for him to deliver to the church—I do not know how that may be. But he is one of Paul's most loved disciples."

## CHAPTER IV

TIMOLEON found business which held him in Ephesus all the winter. At least he was detained until the mountains about were white with snow, and the plains were shallow lakes, threaded by overflowing streams. Timoleon grew impatient; and since no ships went to sea in the winter he tried to get out of the city by land. But no caravans were moving, and, in the end, he had to content himself with the sights of the city and with such friends as he had made. These were not many. After having had for ten years a home ordered by two pure-minded Christians like Eunice and Artemona, he could find little to attract him in the shameless corruption of Ephesus. At times he went with Fortunatus to the meetings of the Christians. Yet he did not feel completely at home there. He had grown away from Greek paganism, but he was not ready fully to accept the simple doctrines of Christianity.

Between him and Fortunatus a real friendship grew up. Leander had long since gone

back to Alexandria. Timoleon planned to sail for Neapolis, in Macedonia, on the first boat in the spring. But Fortunatus fell ill and Timoleon would not leave until his friend was out of danger. So it was the first of May when he finally went on board the vessel ready to sail. Spring was in the air, and despite his troubled mind, and the sorrow in his heart, Timoleon felt an uprush of life and hope. Ephesus, with its jugglers, and blind adoration of Diana, had grown wearisome; but perhaps in Macedonia lay the forgetfulness that would ease his loneliness.

So it was that one evening Timoleon stood on the deck of a ship at anchor in the harbor of Alexandrian Troas, a city which stood on the site of ancient Troy. "A granite city," Timoleon thought as he looked on the granite walls that divided the inner and outer harbors, and as he marked the many buildings of granite in the city itself. The sun set in a purple sea and left behind it a sky of gold that transfigured the peak of Mount Athos, eighty miles away on the island of Lemnos. The splendor seemed to pour through opened gates, and Timoleon uttered under his breath the words of the Christ, repeated so often by Artemona: "In my Father's house are many

mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." Where was Artemona now? In some mansion of shining splendor, beautiful as the sunset skies? Homeless and alone, Timoleon paced the deck until almost morning, too disturbed by memories to try to sleep. His morning mood of hope had been quickly succeeded by the blackness of depression. At last, tired out, he sought the bunk assigned him.

When he awoke, late in the morning, the ship had taken on the load waiting for her at Troas and the passengers were already coming on board. A south wind promised a speedy run to Neapolis, and there was much talking and laughing among the incoming passengers. One among them seemed little in sympathy with the spirit of his fellow-passengers. "He, too, has a secret care," thought Timoleon sympathetically.

When Timoleon again saw the man the ship had sailed through the narrow strait between Tenebros and the mainland, past the Dardenelles, and was coasting the eastern shore of Imbros. So absorbed was the stranger in his thoughts as to be heedless of the bustling confusion about him. As he stood by the stern rail, his feet planted firmly and his head thrown back, a vague memory stirred in Ti-

moleon. But he turned away, thinking, "I prize solitude too much myself to infringe upon that of another."

But as the ship rounded the northern end of the island, and Samothrace, the "Monte Santo" of the Greek mariners for ages, towered upward before the ship, involuntarily Timoleon exclaimed, "How beautiful!" And in reply, a voice by his side said, "So beautiful that it is a pity the name of Samothrace is so closely bound up with the worship of the Cabiri."

Timoleon turned to meet face to face the solitary man from Troas. Again he was puzzled by a sense of familiarity with the voice and manner. He replied briefly, and the two men fell into a desultory talk which discovered to them many interests in common. After a time, it chanced that Timoleon referred to Ephesus and Fortunatus. The stranger looked at him keenly. "You know Fortunatus? Perhaps then, you are of the Christian church at Ephesus?"

"I am not a Christian, but I spent the winter in the house of Fortunatus and I know many of the brethren."

"Tell me of them, I pray you. What of ——" and rapidly followed one name after

another until Timoleon laughingly said, "But, friend, I tell you I know only a few of the members of that company, not all, by any means."

"When you left, had the elders yet received word to meet Paul at Miletus?"

"I heard nothing of it," replied Timoleon. "But what of Paul? When is he to be at Miletus? And what is he doing there? I thought he was in Macedonia?"

"Paul is on his way to Jerusalem, taking with him the offerings of the churches of Macedonia to the poor of the Jerusalem church. He is determined to be there for the Feast of Pentecost." The man paused, and after a moment went on, "I doubt whether we ever shall see him again, for the Jews at Jerusalem have no love for him. He goes with a heavy heart, as one impelled despite his fears, and we who love him dare not urge too strongly our own wish that he keep away from Jerusalem, lest by so doing we vex the Spirit."

Timoleon's reply was sudden, and not at all to the point. "Now I know who you are! You are Gaius, of Derbe, is it not so?"

Gaius, surprised, looked intently for a moment into the eyes of Timoleon; then he held out both his hands: "And you, my brother of

the same mind, are Timoleon, of Damascus. How gracious is God who has allowed us to meet again!"

"You remember I knew HE would send you into a wider field than the little mountain town of Derbe."

"Yes; for the past four years my feet have been set in the busiest of the ways of men. Yet, at times, my heart craves the peace of the mountains. Like the Psalmist, I would 'lift up mine eyes unto the hills.'"

"I understand. You think of them as I do of the gardens and fountains of Damascus. Yet could either of us now be content in the place we once called home?"

"But your home is still in Damascus?"

In a few words, Timoleon told his story, and Gaius, without attempting foolish words of sympathy, put his arm about Timoleon's shoulders. Long into the night, the two men sat, telling the story of the years between. Gaius explained that he had joined Paul when the great teacher came last to Derbe, and after visiting with Paul the churches of Cilicia, Lycaonia, Phrygia, and Galatia had been with him during the whole of his stay at Ephesus. "While we were at Ephesus we made one flying trip to Corinth, for the church there had

fallen into many grievous sins and Paul was much concerned. There came to me the opportunity to take over the shop of a fellow-townsman who had settled there, so I put one of the brethren in charge and returned to Ephesus with Paul. But when he left the city he sent me to Corinth with a message to the church and with the injunction to wait there for his return. I rented a house and had all in readiness for him when he came to Corinth last December. He spent three busy months there."

"In Ephesus, I heard something of the falling away of the church at Corinth," Timoleon remarked.

"Yes; the church was sorely rent by factions. Some called themselves followers of Apollos, because they were enamored of his philosophical discourses. Paul discouraged division, however, and tried loyally to keep the church one. There was a third party who declared that Paul had corrupted the gospel of Christ and that they themselves were the only ones who held to the Nazarenes' teachings in their original purity. However, differences of doctrine could have been overlooked had the lives of the members been pure and free from reproach. But some mistook

their freedom under grace for freedom from the moral law, and fell into the corrupt practices of the heathen world.

"When Paul arrived he called a solemn assembly. The cases of the worst offenders were publicly considered, and some were cast out of the church. Of these, some repented and, after a time, were restored to the fellowship of the brethren.

"But the affairs of the local church were not all that kept Paul busy while he was at my house. He wrote two letters, one to the church in Galatia, which had listened to the Jews from Jerusalem who follow Paul everywhere and try to destroy his teaching. On his arrival in Corinth word reached him that many in Galatia had deserted the faith; so, as soon as he was able, he wrote to them.

"The very last weeks of his stay, when he himself was preparing to go to Jerusalem by sea, Phœbe of Cenchrea found it necessary, because of a law suit, to depart at once for Rome. The opportunity to send a letter to the brethren there was too good to be lost, so Paul at once set to work. He plans to stop at Rome on his way to Spain, you know."

"And that will be ——?"

"Directly after his visit to Jerusalem.

That is why we all sorrowed so at his leaving. It must be years before he returns, and it may be that never again will he be in this part of the world!"

## CHAPTER V

As the ship sailed into port the hot sun of noonday shone on Neapolis. The city lay on a promontory jutting out into the sea, and in the groves that crowned the summit gleamed three white temples. A huge bronze statue of Neptune overlooked the busy harbor, and from the business section of the city, where the cape joined the mainland, a military road, the *Via Egnatia,* ran away into the country. Both Gaius and Timoleon knew that this marble-paved way went not only to Philippi, their own destination, but on through Amphipolis, or "Nine Ways," through Apollonia, through Thessalonica, and so across Macedonia to Dyrrhachium on the Adriatic. In southern Italy, on the opposite shore, it began again, and ended at last at the Golden Milestone in Rome. This they knew; but they did not know that never again in any age or in any country would such a magnificent highway be constructed.

As soon as the heat of midday was over, the two men, mounted on donkeys, started for

Philippi, twelve miles distant. From the top of a mountain range they looked back at the blue Ægean Sea, while before them lay the plain of Philippi where, but one hundred years before, Brutus and Cassius fought their last fight in defense of the Roman Republic. Away to the right, on a hillside, they could see Philippi, crowding from the plain up a steep hill, topped by a dark castle—a massive pile even from this distance. Great thick stone walls surrounded the city, which, together with the gloomy castle, gave the place the air of a fortress. In reality it was a military stronghold, a soldiers' city ruled by two Roman prætors, who, from their raised marble seats in the open air, every day dealt out Roman law.

The friends journeyed on together, finding much to say, yet enjoying the long silences that spell companionship between two of kindred spirit. Gaius was to spend the night at Philippi and in the morning go on to Corinth, where Timoleon was to visit him later.

The morning after Gaius left was a busy one for Timoleon. He found, however, that as the city was not mercantile, but military, there was little market for the linen he had to sell. He wished he had gone on with Gaius. Lone-

liness again descended upon him, and rather than spend an evening by himself he hunted up a family of Christians of whom Gaius had spoken. This was the family of Lydia, a dealer in the purple dyes of Thyatira.

Lydia was a widow of business ability, and her home was comfortable, though not pretentious. She had the gift of hospitality, and the lonely man soon felt at home. With understanding sympathy she listened as he told how his restlessness had driven him to travel. She questioned him closely about the church at Ephesus, and she exclaimed with disappointment at not having seen Gaius as he passed through the city.

"It would have been a pleasure to all of us to see him again," she said. "He is very dear to Paul. When they stopped here on their way to Neapolis they were like father and son. Paul called him 'Gaius, my beloved,' or 'Gaius, whom I love.' I wonder why he did not come to see us last night."

"The fault is mine, I fear. We were tired, the hour was late, we had much to say, and our parting was near."

Lydia nodded. "I understand, you two felt like having a talk, not like visiting. I am content, since when you were lonely, you came.

But, tell me, what did Gaius say of Paul? Was he still depressed? When he ate Passover with us, he was downcast; indeed, so were we all. It is hard for friends to say good-by when they do not know when they will meet again. Yet the Lord will keep watch over his own!"

"Gaius said you would tell me of Paul's work in this city."

"Are you then a Christian?"

Timoleon told at some length of his connection with Paul in his youth, and of how through life their paths had approached, yet never crossed.

Lydia listened thoughtfully. When Timoleon finished, she said, "Sometime you will meet, and that meeting will complete the work of grace already begun in you. Though Paul is not commanding in presence, yet is he such a center of spiritual force that none can come into contact with him without feeling an awakening within.

"Did Gaius tell you how Paul began his work here? He, with Silas and the lad Timothy, came down by the riverside where a few of us women met on the Sabbath for prayer. Later, he spoke in the market and the theater to all who would listen, but his first message

was to the women who worshiped God. As he went about the town he was much annoyed by being followed by a poor girl of little wit, a slave, who, at command of her masters, could make voices speak in strange places. As I was saying, this girl followed Paul and his friends whenever they went on the streets, crying out, 'These men are slaves of the Most High God! They will tell you how to be saved from your sins!'

"One morning, stopping, Paul spoke to the evil spirit within the girl: 'I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of the girl!'

"The girl stood still, looking intently at Paul. Then she turned and went quietly away. But from that hour she could no longer draw a street crowd by making voices speak among them. When her masters saw that she was no longer profitable to them, they gathered a crowd and seized Paul and Silas as they walked peaceably along the street. Right to the market place, where the prætors were sitting in judgment, they took the two, shouting, 'Look at these Jews! They are disturbing us, who are Romans, by teaching against the law!'

"Then all the crowd that had gathered took

up the cry, 'Punish the Jews!' Soon the whole market was rioting.

"The prætors, to quiet the mob, ordered those two innocent men taken to the public whipping post and scourged. After a terrible beating they were thrown into an inner dungeon of the jail, and their feet thrust into stocks. Would you believe that though bruised and suffering, these two yet prayed and sang? I think they sang a Psalm of David: 'The Lord raiseth up them that be bowed down.' Their faith had its reward, for that very night a heavy earthquake shook the city, and the prison doors flew open. The jailer was about to kill himself, for if the prisoners had escaped his own life would have been forfeited; but Paul called to him, 'Stop! Do not stab yourself! We are all here!'

"It seems that the jailer, with his family, and the prisoners in the outer jail had been listening to the prayers and songs of Paul and Silas, for, in reply, he cried out, 'Oh! what must I do to be saved?'

"Then Paul told the little company assembled of Jesus; about his life and his death. After the wounds of Paul and Silas had been dressed, they baptized the jailer and all his household.

"In the morning the magistrates sent word to the jailer to let the two men go; but they, being Roman citizens, therefore unlawfully scourged and cast into prison, would not accept such a release. Then the prætors, knowing they had placed their own position in danger by violating the law, came in person to the jail, and asked Paul and Silas to leave the city just as soon as their wounds would permit.

"They came here at once, to this very house, where Luke and Timothy had passed a sleepless night. Luke dressed their wounds, and we cared for them the best we could, but it was many days before their torn backs healed so that they could go on their way. In the meantime, nightly, the Christians gathered here, and we learned much from these Christian teachers.

"At length Paul and Silas went to Thessalonica, but they left with us Luke and Timothy. However, very soon Timothy followed them, for he could not endure the separation from Paul."

Lydia fell silent, and Timoleon, too, was lost in thought. What manner of man was this Paul, whose spirit so dominated his body that he could sing with bleeding back and with his feet in shameful, cruel stocks?

## CHAPTER VI

THE next morning Timoleon rode out of Philippi. He set his face toward Thessalonica. This was a free city, like Antioch in Syria and Tarsus in Cilicia; that is, it managed its own affairs without direction from the Roman governor of the province. So there were no soldiers there; but there was a very large colony of Jews, many of whom were employed in weaving and tentmaking. The city was known far and wide as a commercial center, and Timoleon knew that he would find more business here in one week than he could find in Philippi in a month.

Again he followed the *Via Egnatia,* marked with milestones that told the traveler his exact distance from the heart of Rome. He spent two nights on the way, though Thessalonica was but one hundred miles distant, and it was on the third morning of his journey that he saw outstretched before him the blue gulf of Thessalonica. Beyond lay Greece, where, in the far distance, Mount Olympus thrust its snowy shoulders high among the clouds.

Coming into the city from the eastern side, Timoleon saw it rise, street after street, to the top of the hill. "It is situated exactly as Philippi and as Antioch in Pisidia," Timoleon thought, "but how much more cheerful is the white-walled castle that crowns the hill than the gloomy pile at Philippi!"

The Egnatian Way, he found, formed the principal street of the city, running straight through from gate to gate. In the center of the town a white marble arch spanned it—an arch that reminded all who passed under it that Octavius and Antony had won the battle of Philippi and that Thessalonica had sided with them in that bitter struggle. Lydia, of Philippi, had given Timoleon a letter to one Jason, he who had been brought before the magistrate for having entertained Paul, and, to his home, hoping that he might find lodging, Timoleon went at once.

Soon he was comfortably settled, and the following morning he took up business matters. Details proved to be long drawn out, and Timoleon saw days lengthening into weeks before he was free to follow Gaius to Corinth. Meantime he found Jason—a staid, sober man of middle age—an interesting companion. He was a Greek, one who had been a

"proselyte of the gate," or a convert to Judaism. Under the influence of Paul he had become a Christian, and now was one of the leaders of the local church. He was ever ready to talk of Paul: of his intense sincerity, his eager enthusiasm, and his winning personality. Silas, who had known Jesus, the Christ, was a hero to this man; and for Timothy, of Lystra, he had the love of a father for a son. "They spent many days with me—busy days for them and blessed days for me," Jason told Timoleon. "Paul had very pronounced ideas about earning his own way; so he, and Silas helping him, made tents by day and on the Sabbath preached in the synagogue. He was very anxious to win over his own countrymen to the Christ. At first it seemed as though they would listen and learn. But the leaders were skilled in disputation, and they had great influence with the congregation, so that neither Paul nor Silas could touch the hearts or reach the minds of the people. As was their custom, they then turned to the Gentiles, talking in the evenings and on holidays."

"How did Paul approach the Gentiles?"

"He urged them to give up the worship of idols and to cease sacrificing and worshiping

in the temples. He told them of God the Father, and Jesus his Son, and urged them to live for others and to forget self. He influenced all who listened without prejudice, both free and slave. Lots of dyers, potters, saddlers, masons, carpenters, boatbuilders, shopkeepers, and sailors came night after night to listen to him. He drew also some of the educated of the city, especially the women. Many of them became Christians, and the little room we had engaged for these evening services was always crowded. The women sat in front—you know in this country they have a freedom that the women of Asia and Syria do not dream of—and they looked like a lot of butterflies in their gayly-embroidered robes, their shoes laced with gold thread, and their hoods of pink and purple. But they were just as earnest and devout as the slaves from dye tub and tan yard that crowded the rear of the room.

"To them all Paul spoke the same message. 'Let no man wrong his brother; study to be quiet; to work at your business, whatever it may be, heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men.' Some had lost loved ones by death, and Paul told them not to sorrow as unbelievers who had no hope, for as Jesus had

risen from the dead so would all God's children.

"Throughout the winter all went well. But when spring came and life began anew out of doors, the Jews realized for the first time what a hold the teaching of Paul and Silas had on the people. But they could not turn the Christians against their leaders. So they descended to trickery. They hired some of the town rabble to make a riot when the signal was given. One day when the market was crowded the Jews spoke to the people, saying that they felt it their duty to make known to their townsmen what manner of men Paul and Silas really were. 'Philippi would have none of them. Indeed, she flogged them publicly and cast them into prison. Yet,' they concluded, 'they have the effrontery to come here and teach you, the people of a free city, as though they really were accredited teachers.'

"At this the people shouted in anger, and the hired rabble called on the Thessalonians to avenge the affront to their intelligence. These fellows led the mob to this house. Fortunately, Paul and Silas were not here; but they took several Christians who happened to be waiting to see the teachers and dragged them before the city magistrates, where they were

accused in words like these: 'These Christians, who are setting the whole world in confusion, are come hither at last. They all are acting in the face of the Emperor's decrees, for they say there is a king other than Cæsar, a man called Jesus—and that is treason!'

"The magistrates wrote down the names of the accusers, with their charge, and the names of the Christians whom they accused, and set a day of trial. They told the Christians that if they would give pledges that they would come on the day of trial they might go about their business until that time. One of their number gave the required amount, and when the case came to trial they were let off with a fine and the promise not to work against Rome in any way whatsoever."

"But what of Paul and Silas?"

"Oh, they were determined to go to the magistrates and try to take the places of the men taken in their stead, but by dint of much persuasion they were led to go on to Berea. They were shown that it was better for the work to go on than for them to lie in prison and perchance even lose their lives, for the charge of treason is a most serious one. Timothy stayed on here, that if the Christians were dealt with severely, he could carry word

to Paul and Silas. In that case they planned to return; for they would not have others suffer in their stead."

"And how were they received in Berea?"

"Oh, we of Thessalonica had given them letters to friends there, so they were warmly welcomed. The Jews of that place are learned, and they appreciated Paul's philosophical discourses. Many of them believed, and they made no objection to Paul talking to the Gentiles also. It was summer, and the town was full of caravans and of Jew peddlers, also, with their packs on their backs or on donkeys. Both peddlers and merchants listened, and many became Christians. All was going well, when the Jews here heard of the success of Paul and Silas. Then they sent men to Berea to stir up trouble. They told the same story there as here—that these were men discredited in other towns. The Christians in Berea asked Paul and Silas to leave before a mob gathered; and they, remembering that a few Christians in this place had to be security for the patriotism of the entire membership, felt that it would not be wise to impose the same obligation on the church of Berea; so they went on to Corinth—that is, after a brief stop at Athens."

"I, too, am going to Corinth just as soon as my work here is finished."

"If you have no lodging engaged there, I will gladly give you a letter to a most estimable man: Gaius, a man beloved by Paul, and one who journeyed with him as far as Troas when he went to Jerusalem with the offerings from the Macedonian churches to the poor of Jerusalem."

"That is like your kindness, but it happens that I already know Gaius and have arranged to stay with him." Then Timoleon told further how they first had met many years before in Derbe, and how they had journeyed together from Troas to Philippi.

It happened that this was the last long talk the two men had together; for, unexpectedly, one of Timoleon's customers accepted the terms offered him and Timoleon was free to move on at once to Corinth. He was sorry to leave the spacious, comfortable home of Jason, but he longed for Gaius and his understanding companionship. So, within two days he was on his way.

## CHAPTER VII

AGAIN a white-eyed ship bore Timoleon over the blue waters. South over the Gulf of Thessalonica the great boat flew, stopping only a day at Dium, the port of Berea. The summer heat was intense, yet Timoleon lingered on deck; for now the boat was in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and hourly it passed some spot renowned in history. The far-off days of his childhood stood out very distinctly in Timoleon's memory as he recalled the tales his father had told him of the beauty of this region and the place it held in history.

On the evening of the second day out the ship entered the sheltered passage lying between the long island of Eubœa and the shore of Thessaly. The master of the ship pointed out to Timoleon a deep gulf, directly opposite the northern end of the island. "There is the Gulf of Thermopylæ. Far on its western border, where it retreats far into the land, is the Pass, where, five hundred years ago, our countrymen held back the army of Xerxes."

While the sailors ran the ship into a sheltered cove and let down the anchor for the night, Timoleon looked long at the distant blue hills. This nightly tie-up was a part of every day's routine, for not carelessly would the master of a great ship defy the gods of the wind and the water, whose command was that all mariners tarry by night and sail by day.

The next day the wind was idle and the boat dawdled down the gulf, but Timoleon did not find the time long, for, from either shore, history spoke and beauty beckoned. It was evening before they reached the crescent-shaped bay of Attica, where great green mountains, on whose sides little white villages clung, sloped down to the very edge of the water.

"Is not the battlefield of Marathon near here?" he asked the captain.

"Near the southern end of the bay," came the prompt reply. "You are a true Greek, one who knows of his fathers and the deeds of valor with which they astonished the world."

"That is because my father made them the tales of my childhood," returned Timoleon. "Before I could talk plainly, I knew the names of Leonidas and Miltiades. To me

this sail has been one rich in beauty and memory."

The master nodded understandingly. "You know how to enter into the fulness of this experience. Many sail with unseeing eye and in all ignorance of the fact that every rock of this channel is a monument to the past. See that fat old man yonder," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, "he has done nothing but complain of the delay and of the heat; and many others feel the same as he, even if they do courteously suppress grumbling."

It was noon of the next day when, high on Cape Sunium, the sailors sighted the white pillars of Minerva's temple, a landmark known to everyone who had ever sailed these seas. Round the headland the ship made her way, and all on board began watching for the first flash of sunlight on the gold-tipped spear and shining shield of Minerva, or Athena, high on the Acropolis, beside the Parthenon. Suddenly a shout went up, and a few moments later the square outline of the shining white Parthenon itself could be seen.

Had this boat been going to Athens, it would have rounded the wall of rocky hills that cut off the view of Athens as they drew nearer; it would have crept through the nar-

row entrance to Piræus, the port of the great city. But it happened to be bound for Cenchrea, the port of Corinth, so it sailed by and soon left Athens behind, high on her hills, gleaming with marble temples and statues. Timoleon promised himself to come here soon, but just now both business and pleasure called him to Corinth.

On westward, past the island of Salamis, sailed the boat. Thirty-four miles had to be covered before night came on; yet, did the wind stay with them and Poseidon smile, they might anchor in Cenchrea. The gods were good, and they cast anchor just as the last gleam of twilight faded. It was too late for any on board to go ashore, but the first glow in the east the following morning found all of the sailors and many of the passengers astir. Timoleon was among the first ashore, landing at the very foot of the colossal statue of Neptune, the guardian god of the city, who stood on the wharf holding aloft a fish and a spear. Already the pier bustled with workers. When Timoleon asked why all the ships were being unloaded he was told that this was done that the cargo might be carried across the narrow neck of land that separated the Ægean, or Eastern Sea, from the Adriatic, or Western

Sea. Horses, donkeys, and camels covered the nine miles between this port and the other, Lechæum. On one part of the wharf, Timoleon watched hundreds of slaves at work dragging small boats out of the water. These were then placed on rollers, to be pushed and pulled along the "ship road" that crossed to the western sea, there again to be launched. Eight years before, Nero had set a great force of slaves to work to cut a canal through from sea to sea, but the work was progressing so slowly that men doubted whether any one then living would see its completion.

But once away from the wharf, Timoleon found little to detain him in the city itself. There were the usual white temples, the ones here being to Artemis and Aphrodite, and there were beautiful homes set in green gardens; but Timoleon busied himself in engaging a carriage to take him over the six miles that lay between Cenchrea and Corinth, and by midmorning he was on his way across the "Bridge of the Seas," as the isthmus was known. At first the road wound through a valley, but later it climbed rising ground to the hill on which Corinth stood. A wall on either side protected the road, and at intervals towers pierced it. The day had been when

soldiers walked these walls and filled the towers, but now, under the Empire, it stood an unmanned sentinel of the winding road. Had Timoleon been able to look down the ages yet to come he would have seen it twice again a citadel, and for two thousand more years a vital part of the life of Greece.

Slowly, for the road was thronged with traffic, the carriage climbed to Corinth. As it passed along Timoleon turned to look at the grove of cypress that bordered the road. Its marble statues and brick tombs marked it as a city of the dead. The driver flicked his whip toward a tomb that stood a little apart from the others. "Diogenes, the Cynic, lies there; and, over to the right, is the tomb of Thais, the Profligate."

Almost immediately the driver paused at the gate of the city, to satisfy the keeper of his right to enter. Timoleon directed him to the house of Gaius. Their way lay through the market, where stood a beautiful bronze statue of Venus.

"There's the Maid of Cyprus," volunteered the driver.

"You mean the statue of Aphrodite?"

A nod answered, then the man pointed to a huge figure standing on a hideous fish out

of whose mouth gushed a stream of clear, cold water. "I suppose you know who that is, too?"

"Poseidon?"

"I suppose so, according to your language; we call him Neptune."

Timoleon laughed at the man's surliness. "Roman or Greek, I'll venture he does more good to man and beast with his gift of water than the Maid of Cyprus, beautiful as she is."

## CHAPTER VIII

THE market was a turbulent place. Sailors, many of them "filled with new wine," and all of them rough of tongue, crowded the space in front of the stalls. As they drove through, Timoleon looked with interest at the wares for sale: porcelain dishes, willow baskets, bright-plumaged birds in little cages, and all manner of bronze work, iron work, and brass work. "This city is famous for its brass, is it not?" he asked the driver.

"So famous that its product goes all over the world. That Temple at Jerusalem that the Jews are forever prating of has gates made of it. Oh, this is a great city—no mistake!" continued the man. "In the Temple of Venus one thousand slaves serve her, and there are many other temples where a man who loves good food and drink may worship by filling himself with the best the market affords. And the year of the Games this is a city doubled both in gayety and in all else that the word 'Corinth' stands for," said the man, as he drew up before Gaius' house.

There Timoleon found a welcome awaiting him such as one receives who comes home after a long absence. As the sun set over the Adriatic Sea, the two men, sitting on the housetop, its parapets gay with flowers and drooping vines, found themselves in the same perfect accord that had marked their meeting years before in Derbe and six weeks ago in Troas.

They talked far into the night, and, as always, the name of Paul was frequently on the lips of Gaius. Timoleon's interest was second only to that of Gaius, and he questioned him much as to Paul's life in Corinth. "Why did he come here, Gaius? Why did he not go to Athens, the university city, where his learning and his philosophy surely would have gained him a hearing."

"One would think so, Timoleon. But that did not prove to be the case. Paul did go to Athens; indeed, he went there before coming here."

"And did not win a hearing?"

"Oh, yes, he won a hearing. In fact, he was asked to talk on the hill of Areopagus—Mars' Hill, as it is popularly known. The judges were sitting on their well-known stone seats hewn out of the living rock, waiting to

pass on matters of import to the city. Paul was speaking in the *agora.*"

"The *agora!* Then it is still used for public speaking and teaching?"

"Assuredly. Though the Athens of today lives in her past—when the *agora* was the center of her glorious public life, when business, philosophy, and idleness met there, and statesmen, orators, poets, and artists talked together under her beautiful porticoes—though living in this past as I say, yet about the Altar of the Twelve Gods still circles the intellectual interest of the people. Daily both idlers and teachers gather in that square, green with trees and shrubs, surrounded with buildings of historical interest, and filled with beautiful statues."

In his enthusiasm in recounting the glories of Athens Gaius had forgotten Paul, but Timoleon recalled him to his story. "You say Paul spoke in the *agora?*"

"Several times. But one morning it so happened that the judges were sitting on the Areopagus, that place of awe, at the time Paul was talking in the *agora* below. The people took him up the stone steps to face the judges. There they found them, old, young, and middle-aged, but all alike clad in robes of white

with a broad band of purple or blue or red at the hem. One of the judges spoke to him courteously: 'Will you tell us what you are teaching? We, too, would hear this strange doctrine.'"

"And what could Paul answer? He could not quote the Hebrew scriptures. And how could he convince them that Jesus of Nazareth set forth a higher ideal of life than Epicurus, Zeno, Aristotle, or Plato?" So spoke the Greek in Timoleon.

"He did not try to. Nor did he make an attack on their gods. His speech really was a triumph of tact and teaching. He began by a compliment to our people—you know how proud we all are of our country, and the Athenians have a special pride in their city. He told them that all which he beheld testified to their carefulness in religion. He spoke of the 'Unknown God,' and showed that this God is the active, creative energy of the universe, not to be confined in temples made with hands, and to be known without any outer helps. 'God is not far from any one of us,' he said. 'In him, we live, and move, and have our being.'"

"How beautiful! And how like Aratus' poem—you remember, Gaius?

'From Jove we came. And who would touch
the string
And not give praise to Heaven's eternal king?
He moves the market and the crowded way,
The throbbing ocean and the shining bay;
If danger threatens, or if pain be nigh—
We are his children, and to him we fly!'"

"Both pagan poet and Christian teacher say the same thing, but with this difference: Paul goes further along the same line of thought. He showed his listeners on Mars' Hill that, since this is true, we ought not to think of him as like a figure shaped out of silver or gold or marble by the art of man. He spoke, also, of repentance. Wait, perhaps I can recall his words as he told them to us."

After a moment Gaius went on, speaking slowly, recalling the words as he spoke, "'God has fixed a day when he will judge all men justly, by the Man whom he has appointed, of whom God has given proof to everyone in that he raised him from the dead.'"

Timoleon listened thoughtfully. "You are right. Those words mark a distinct departure from any school of Greek philosophy. How did the people and the court receive this statement?"

"The people laughed: it was beyond them,

and the judges merely said courteously that they would hear him again on the subject."

"Did no one in Athens believe?"

"But two, that I remember by name: one of the judges who heard him that morning, Dionysius; and a flower girl, Damaris. There may have been others; in fact, I know he made several friends there, but whether or not they accepted his teachings I do not know."

"There was no persecution?"

"None whatever. But the people were politely indifferent, and that hurt Paul more than active opposition. They simply were so cultured and learned that they could not be interested in the simple truths Paul pronounced."

"Then he came here?"

"Yes. He found lodging at once with Priscilla and Aquila, two of his own race whom the decree of Claudius had driven from Rome. They, too, were tentmakers, and Paul wrought with them to earn his living."

"They were Christians?"

"Not when Paul went to live with them; but they soon believed."

"Of course he taught here."

"Certainly. As was his custom he went to the synagogue on the Sabbath and there told

the Jews of the 'mercy promised to their forefathers' and of the 'oath sworn to Abraham' being 'performed.' He pointed to Jesus as the Christ, the promised Messiah."

"How was the word received?"

"Quietly at first, but later, shortly after Timothy and Silas joined Paul, the Jews became very argumentative and abusive. Indeed, at the last they blasphemed so that Paul shook his loose tunic with both hands, saying, 'Your blood be on your own head! I am clean. Henceforth I go to the men of the city!'"

"So he turned to the Gentiles, as the Jews call all not of their own race?" asked Timoleon. "What response did they make?"

"Well, a remarkable field opened to him. A proselyte, Justus, a Greek, opened his house to Paul. All meetings were held there, for his house was larger than the house of Aquila and Priscilla. Crispus, one of the leaders of the synagogue, and all his family followed Paul and helped in every way they could. Tomorrow I will introduce you to some of the members of the church: Stephanus, Erastus, Chloe. But there are many others, for Paul stayed here a year and a half, and all that time the church grew. Of course, I know all this by hearsay only, for I first came to this city two

years ago and the matters of which we have been talking took place six years past."

True to his promise, the next day Gaius introduced Justus to Timoleon, and the following evening the two friends were asked to sit on the roof of Justus' house and share the freshly pressed grape juice which Justus had just received from the country. They talked long of political conditions throughout the world, until at last Timoleon asked, "What of Corinth? Who is governor here?"

Justus answered, "Gallio, the elder brother of Seneca."

"'Sweet Gallio'?"

"The same. Though this name, bestowed upon him by the poets of Rome because of his gentle disposition, has never been held in much repute here. This city knows him rather as a man of sterling common sense. Of course you have heard how he settled the Jews who would have had him send Paul out of the city?"

"No; I have not heard. Indeed, I thought Paul met with no opposition here."

"Well, you know the Jews are allowed to worship according to their own forms. It was not hard for them to represent that Paul's teaching did not come under this permission,

that, in reality, it was against the law. They had heard of Gallio's attractive personality that makes him loved by all, so they judged him weak; and, thinking that they might move him to action before he was familiar with the city and its teachers, they brought Paul before him the very first day he sat on the white ivory chair in the tessellated square before the palace. Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, led the Jews in their protest. 'Judaism is licensed, this man's teaching is not,' was the substance of his accusation.

"Gallio heard him through, but at the same time he was using his eyes, and back of the crowd of excited Jews he saw another gathering—this one was of Greeks, evidently indignant at the Jews' protest. He answered promptly that this was no matter for the Roman law, since it pertained only to a 'dispute of Hebrew superstition,' and he would have nothing to do with it.

"He gave the command, 'Lictors, clear the court,' and Paul walked off with his friends while Sosthenes and his crowd turned away uttering maledictions on the head of Gallio. But the Greeks were disposed to punish them for accusing Paul; this, even though they were not themselves believers. But, like all who

knew the man, they loved him. So they set upon Sosthenes and beat him sorely. And Gallio only laughed."

"Gaius tells me Paul has visited the church twice since he left it."

"Yes, and he has written to it three times. Its welfare is very close to his heart."

"Is the church now true to his teachings?"

"That, time only will tell, but this I will say: Never has it been more united, more studious, nor more indifferent to the gay, dissolute life about it. This city, as you know, is a byword for wickedness. Even Rome points to it with hissing."

"Have the Jews given over their opposition?"

"Far from it. You will understand that we are not speaking of the matter in public, but the truth is that when Paul was here last, only a few months ago, there was a conspiracy to kill him. Not at this city, but at Cenchrea, where he meant to take passage on a ship that was taking the pilgrims to the Passover at Jerusalem. Of course, he was to carry the collection money, and it may be that the design was against Paul, the carrier of treasure, not against Paul, the teacher. But, whatever the motive, fortunately the plot was discov-

ered in time for Paul to change his plans. Instead of going by sea he went north through Macedonia, visiting the churches by the way—but Gaius will have told you of all this."

## CHAPTER IX

FOUR busy, happy weeks Timoleon spent in Corinth. Business was excellent; but it required only the daylight hours, and the evenings were given over to visiting, to excursions to the two harbor cities, or into the country for an overnight stay. But, at last, Timoleon could no longer make of business a pretext for lingering. Gaius went with him, not only to Cenchrea, but also to Athens, where Timoleon planned a two-days' stop. Both men, Greeks well versed in the history of their own country, had an intense love for this quiet city of beauty and learning, so far removed both in spirit and in outward appearance from Corinth's gaudy voluptuousness.

The two men landed at Piræus, the rock city which curved about to meet the cliffs projecting from the mainland. So closely did the two walls of rock approach that a chain could be drawn from one to the other, thus barring the fine harbor within from the approach of any enemy. From this noisy port a carriage took them up the winding road that led to

Athens. On either hand were the broken remains of the high walls that once had protected this approach to the city. Timoleon shook his head sadly over the ruins. "Look, Gaius, how little is left of the 'city within the walls' that once made Athens and Piræus one."

But Gaius was more practical. "Mourn not over the passing of the wall, friend. Have you forgotten how the plague raged in this section, where for five miles the wall shut out all country air from the crowded dwellings that huddled under it? It is not needed today, and I, for one, say it is a good thing that it is broken down."

"You are right. But look! Is it not surprising how the Acropolis dominates the whole city!"

Soon the carriage reached the gate, where it was dismissed; for the two friends wished to find their way about on foot. They went first to the *agora*, where they spent several hours; for this square was the market of the city, as well as its center of history and art. On its southern side rose the Pnyx, a sloping hill with a level top, where political assemblies met; on the north was the temple of Theseus, and on the east was the Areopagus and Acrop-

olis, the crown and glory of the city. Its rocky cliffs of red, gray, and yellow, upreared high above all the surrounding hills, the natural ramparts being strengthened by marble slabs and columns, while the summit was "a museum of art, of history, and of religion."

To climb this storied ascent there was but one path—past the exquisite temple of Unwinged Victory, up to the magnificent portal of the propylæa built by Pericles. By this gate Gaius and Timoleon stood in silent awe. Beyond, crowded temple after temple and statues innumerable, each one a bit of deathless beauty. "But the glory of all is the Parthenon," said Timoleon at last, under his breath.

"If only its beauty were not linked with the name of Athena!" sighed Gaius.

They passed within this temple, the most perfect architectural monument of the ages, to look on a colossal statue of ivory and gold, wrought by Phidias. "Could art achieve higher expression!" exclaimed Timoleon.

"It has but one rival in the world," responded Gaius: "the statue of Jupiter at Olympus, by the same sculptor."

Two other Minervas were on the Acropolis. The one most venerated was the little, black,

olive-wood figure in the temple of Erectheum; but the friends did not look on this, for it was screened from public view. Like the statue of Diana at Ephesus, it was supposed to have fallen from the skies. The third was the most conspicuous of all—the one for which the sailors had looked as they rounded Cape Sunium. Formed from the brazen spoils of the battle of Marathon, it rose even above all the temples that crowned the Acropolis.

"Little wonder that Paul felt overwhelmed by the idol worship of this city," reflected Gaius aloud.

"I did not dream that the city was so full of sculptured beauty," replied Timoleon.

"Full! Would not 'crowded' be a better term? It is said there are over three thousand statues here. You know the jest, 'In Athens it is easier to find a statue than a man'?"

Timoleon laughed. "There is more than a grain of truth in that saying, as there is also in the other, 'Every god in Olympus has a place in the *agora*.' But you must acknowledge they beautify the city. Look! In every direction gleam marbles of snowy white, faint rose, and deep red!"

"They are beautiful. So are the statues of

bronze, brass, and gold, as well as the ones chiseled out of agate and porphyry. Did men not worship them, no one could say anything against them—no Greek, at least. But let us go down to the *agora* and see if there be any talking on the Painted Porch, where Zeno had his school. If it is quiet, we will look again at the pictures."

In the *agora* they met a group of sailors who told them that the ship on which Timoleon had engaged passage had completed her loading and would sail at dawn the following morning. That meant that the hours the friends might spend together were few. Jealous of the time, they did not seek out Dionysius, the Christian, as they had planned, but walked instead about the winding streets of Athens, under the shade of great sycamore and cypress trees. They went even as far as the beautiful gardens Epicurus had left behind him as a school where philosophy should always be taught.

"I wish," Timoleon said, "we had been able to carry out our plans to visit the Temple of Theseus with its famed pillars."

"Yes, and then we should have seen, on the hill near it, the Temple of the Winds."

"That is a clock tower?"

"Yes. In it, there is a water clock, whose drops fall ceaselessly, night and day. Outside is the sun dial of Andronicus, and on the top of the tower is a bronze figure with a wand outstretched that shows the way of the wind."

"What else are we missing?" Timoleon asked.

"Much. The street of the Mercuries, the street of the Tripods, and the ——"

"Tell me of these streets," interrupted Timoleon.

"On the first, before the door of each house, is a marble pedestal topped with the winged Mercury. Beneath is carved a motto; such as, 'Go on, and think no evil,' or 'Never betray a friend.' As for the street of Tripods, it is not less beautiful. Each side is lined with beautiful three-legged tables or bowls, of different designs, and of various materials—bronze, colored marbles, and the like."

"Did the city decorate the street in this way?"

"No, no. It is the custom for the winners in the games to display the prizes in this way. So do they beautify their city, and win added honor, each for himself, since the name of the winner is on the tripod."

"A worthy custom. But see, the moon is

full tonight! Let us not waste in slumber the few remaining hours, but let us go and sit in the olive groves on the banks of the Cephisus and listen to the nightingales. You have spoken many times of the Master's words as reported by Silas. Come there, and tell me more of them."

Not until the cocks began to crow did the two friends return to the market place, where those who were to sail at dawn had gathered that together they might travel in safety the winding way to Piræus. At the last there was haste and confusion; so, with a hasty kiss on either cheek, these two parted. But their real farewell had been in the groves of the Cephisus.

## CHAPTER X

THE evening meal had been eaten and Philip, his four daughters, and their guest, Timoleon, sat on the roof to enjoy the cool evening breeze that blew in from the sea. Cæsarea had gasped all day under the burning rays of the August sun, but now, at ease, she sat upon her housetops. Timoleon blessed his friend Gaius for giving him the letter that had admitted him to this quiet home. The city was not at all to his liking; a noisy, bustling, garish place of mushroom growth, built by Herod the Great, in honor of Cæsar Augustus. He had been there before, and he knew its sumptuous palaces and its unequaled facilities for amusement and for safeguarding the health. He knew how no money had been spared to make the harbor safe and commodious. He had walked out on the long, granite breakwater that curved around to form a complete barrier to the dangerous southwesterly winds. He recalled the laying of its foundation, twenty fathoms deep, and his mind applauded the wonderful engineering feat even

while his spirit cried out against the glittering show of the city itself. He was a Greek, and he revolted at the thought of the huge marble temple that bore the name of the emperor and was surmounted by a shining statue that could be seen far at sea. He disdained the perpetual quarrel between the Jews and Greeks as to whether the city was Jew or Greek. He disliked the aggressiveness of the Roman forts and the overwhelming number of troops in the barracks of this the capital city of the Roman province of Judæa.

He was the only guest at Philip's hospitable house; but there were many callers that evening, and Timoleon, courteous and grave, listened to the talk that went on about him but took little part in it. Most of it centered about the new wife that Felix, the procurator, had just brought to the palace on the hill. One of the Jews present was outspoken in his condemnation:

"How could she so forget the religion of her people? No mother ever brought up her children more strictly in the faith than did the wife of Herod Agrippa! And to think that Drusilla, their youngest daughter, should openly transgress the law of Moses by leaving her lawful wedded husband at the command

of this profligate man who regards neither God nor man!"

"He is so old and so cruel, as all men know," breathed one of Philip's daughters.

Esther, the youngest, dropped her eyes and her cheeks crimsoned as she said, "What I marvel at is that she could forsake the young Prince Aziz, her husband, who loved her so dearly—and for this man, the former slave of her father!"

Another caller entered and, after greeting Philip and his guests, dropped wearily on a mat. "You look tired, Trophimus," said Philip kindly. "Has the heat of the day been too much for your strength?"

Trophimus made a gesture of dissent. "Not the heat, friend Philip, but the disappointments that hedge about Paul. This evening he is heavy in spirit, and we, his friends, cannot but feel the same depression."

"Have there been any new developments in his case?"

"He was at the palace today," answered Trophimus briefly.

"Not again for trial?"

"No, no. This time he was there merely at the whim of a pretty woman. Drusilla had heard that he could perform miracles, and she

had Felix send for him. Had I been Paul I would have resented the impudence of the request, but he saw in it only another opportunity for proclaiming the truth that is in Christ Jesus; so he expounded to those two, seated in their splendor, with slaves fanning them, seeking merely for diversion, just as earnestly as he would have done to seekers after truth."

"Judge not, brother," reproved Philip mildly. "In that, Paul showed the spirit of the Master."

"I know, I know," apologized Trophimus, "but we love him and are jealous of his dignity, and the woman only laughed at his eloquent words."

"What of Felix?"

"He? He trembled when Paul spoke of a future life and of judgment to come. Great drops of moisture, that I would swear were not brought out by the heat, stood on his forehead, and finally he interrupted Paul: 'Go, go. Some more convenient time I will send for you!'

"Drusilla looked disappointed. There had been no wonders such as she expected. Paul was sick at heart, for he had not touched her in the least; and Felix, he felt, would soon forget his words."

Timoleon had been listening eagerly. Now he leaned forward. "Paul, then, is in this city?"

The whole company looked surprised, and Philip replied, "Yes, he has been here for nearly two months—for six weeks at least."

"A prisoner, I judge, from your talk together! May I know the story?"

"Trophimus will tell you. He has been with Paul all the time. Trophimus, this is a friend of Gaius, and one who is well disposed toward all of our faith. Moreover, he knew Paul in his youth, so you may speak fully of the whole matter."

Trophimus saluted Timoleon courteously. "Where shall I begin, good friend?"

"First, I would hear how the Jerusalem church received the offerings from the churches of Asia and Macedonia. I know something of the untold sacrifices that made possible these gifts and I would know how the mother church received them and of how she showed her gratitude to Paul."

"That is a sad tale; therefore, one to be told quickly. At the moment when Paul made his report they were overcome with wonder at all that God, through him, had wrought in other lands. Then they fell to discussing among

themselves whether, after all, it was a good thing to teach, as Paul had done, that God knows no difference between Jew and Gentile, and whether a foreign Christian who did not keep the Jewish law could possibly be as good as a Jewish Christian who did.

"At last, James, the brother of Jesus, the head of the church, spoke directly to Paul: 'You see, brother,' he said, 'there are thousands of Christians here who are very jealous of the keeping of the religious law. They have heard that you speak lightly of these matters. Could you win them to see that you live orderly and keep the religious law, it would be well for you and for the Church as a whole. Now, suppose you do this: Four poor men have almost completed the Nazarite vow. They have not money to pay for the sacrifices necessary for their release. Take some of this money you have brought us and spend the remaining four days of their abstinence with them. Pay for the four rams, the eight lambs, the cakes, the oil for sacrifice, give the required gifts to the priests, and stand with them when their hair, which has grown long and tangled during the thirty days, is cut off and burned. So will all the Zealots know

that there is no truth in the things they have been told about you.' "

Timoleon spoke incredulously: "Then there was not one word of thanks for the gifts their brothers in Christ had sent them! Did no man commend the work Paul had done?"

"Not one. The meeting went on, even as I have told you."

"But did Paul do as James requested?"

"Yes, for he believed that, to conciliate the church at Jerusalem, he should do everything which his conscience allowed. To him, as we all know, form is nothing. But he was willing to subscribe to this form if by so doing he could help the cause of the Master. He thought this action would do that; but alas, it laid on him the hand of the Roman law!"

"How could that be?"

"The morning of the fifth day, as Paul and the four poor men stood before the altar, oil-cakes in hand, some Jew from Ephesus spied him. I think it was Alexander that first cried out, but of that I am not sure. He sprang up and down, shouting, 'Help! Help! Here is a man at the altar who teaches everywhere against the Law and against this place. More than that, he has brought Greeks with him, and so defiled this holy place!'

"We all know how easy it is to gather a mob. In a moment, the whole place was in an uproar, and Paul was dragged out the Gate Beautiful into the Court of the Gentiles. It would have gone hard with him had not the guards who are stationed on the wall to overlook the Temple seen the disturbance and hurried the Roman soldiers to his rescue. You should have seen the mob scatter! They had not forgotten how, at Passover, only seven weeks before, ten thousand rioting Jews had been killed by the Roman guard."

## CHAPTER XI

"THE guard would have taken Paul at once into the castle; but he told the commandant, Lysias, that he was a Jew, and asked permission to speak to the mob. No doubt Lysias thought if they understood that Paul was in the Temple on proper business they would go away quietly. However that may be, he let Paul speak, and for the space of ten minutes he held the crowd perfectly silent while he told them the story of how he, a Jew, came to know the Christ. He ended, 'Jesus said that he would send me far unto the Gentiles.' At that hated name a great shout went up, and the uproar began again. So Paul was hurried through the gate.

"Lysias gave a curt order to the soldiers to scourge Paul, and passed on. When the centurion came Paul was already bound to the post; but he spoke out bravely, 'Is it lawful to scourge a Roman citizen?'

"The centurion went at once to Lysias, and very soon Lysias himself came to question Paul. He could scarcely credit that a man so

poor as Paul evidently was could be a Roman citizen. In fact, he said, 'I myself paid much money for this privilege.' But when he heard that Paul had been born to this honor he had him hurried away from the whipping post.

"Finding that the disturbance was about some point of Jewish law, he sent Paul to the Sanhedrin. In these council seats sat many of his old friends, but all were bitter toward Paul because he had followed the Nazarenes. He reminded them that he had been born a Pharisee, and that it was, in part, because of his belief in the resurrection of the dead that he was called before them. Then the Pharisees and Sadducees fell to bickering, and from that to screaming and shaking fists at each other, so that, in disgust, Lysias took Paul back to the Castle of Antonia. I myself overheard him say to the centurion, 'These Jews are hard to understand. Yesterday, they would have killed the man; today they are more interested in fighting among themselves. But since the man is a Roman citizen, he shall be protected.'

"Now, Paul's sister, who lives in Jerusalem, is bitter against her brother because he has forsaken the religion of his fathers, but her son, a lad of fifteen, looks up to Paul as a hero.

It chanced that at school one of his fellow-students twitted him about his uncle, and told him that he had heard one of the hangers-on in the market boast that morning that he, with forty others, had bound themselves by a vow not to eat nor drink anything until they had killed Paul.

"The boy made no reply; but when school was over for the day, before going home, he made his way to the castle and asked to see Paul. Lysias had given orders that Paul's friends were to be admitted—indeed, how else could he be properly fed?—so the boy was shown to the cell. When Paul had heard his nephew's story, he asked the guard to take the boy to Lysias. The lad was almost too frightened to tell what he knew; but Lysias, realizing that if anything happened to Paul while he was a prisoner in his charge, he, Lysias, would have to pay the penalty, made ready to send Paul to Cæsarea that same night with the extra guards who were returning after guarding the city during the Feast of Pentecost."

"And has he not yet been brought to trial?" questioned Timoleon.

"Oh, yes, within one week after he was brought here! Ananias, the high priest—Ananias, the glutton, as the Gentiles call him

—came with some of the elders and a clever speaker, Tertullus by name, whom they brought along to do the talking. Before Felix the matter was argued out. Tertullus brought three charges against Paul: First, that as a dangerous disturber of the public peace he was guilty of high treason to Rome; second, that as ringleader of the Nazarenes he infringed the law of Moses; third, that in attempting to profane the Temple he had committed a capital crime, both according to Jewish and Roman law."

"And how did Paul answer?"

"He disproved every charge, and said, moreover, that when he was before the Sanhedrin they had found him guilty of nothing save that he believed in the resurrection of the dead. At that, Felix saw a way to put off a decision. 'Lysias has not yet come down. When he comes, we will settle this matter.' And with that the Jews had to be content."

"Felix is a crafty one," broke in another voice. "Do you not see that thus he contrives still to keep on good terms with the rabbis? And I do believe that he thinks Paul's friends will buy his way out. Did you note how greedily he listened when Paul said that he had carried the alms and offerings to Jerusalem?"

"Felix really has a soft side for the Nazarenes," spoke up another.

The company laughed. "Never before did I know that Felix had a tenderness toward anything," dryly commented one.

"Perhaps not a tenderness," persisted the first speaker; "but I know one of the soldiers at the barracks, a true Christian, and he tells me that Felix has more than once commended the soldiers who are of the faith; more by indirection than by open statement, it is true, but if he has occasion to find fault with any, he points to some one of the Nazarenes among the guard as an example of all that a soldier should be."

"Perhaps he does not know they are Nazarenes," said Esther quietly.

"Be sure he knows everything that goes on in this city. Sometimes I think the very birds themselves carry tales."

With this, the little gathering broke up, for the hour was late. As Timoleon stretched out on his divan he thought much of Paul, the prisoner, and resolved that, even before business matters were attended to, he would meet him face to face.

## CHAPTER XII

BUT the time had not yet come for Timoleon to know Paul. The next morning, when the family were at the morning meal, a servant spoke to Philip. "There is at the door a slave from Alexandria who would speak to Timoleon the Greek."

"Let him sit down in the court. Tell him that presently he whom he seeks will be with him."

Timoleon was puzzled. "Who in Alexandria can know that I am here? And what message can come to me from there?"

Philip smiled. "There is but one way to answer your questions, my friend. Eat, and then go to the messenger. We are slow to leave the table. Linger not because of us."

Five minutes later, Timoleon was greeted by a tall black man who put into his hand a waxed tablet. But before Timoleon opened it, he asked, "How did you find me?"

"Master, the ship from Alexandria came into the harbor the evening of the same day as the ship on which you sailed from Athens.

We who serve talk together wherever we meet. So, on the pier, I met many who knew your name. At last, I found one who knew with whom you had planned to stay while you were in this city."

"It is well," answered Timoleon absently, as he unwound the outer covering of the tablet and sat down on a seat by the fountain to read the message. He read each waxed card, slowly and carefully, and re-read the whole before he looked up and met the slave's eyes fixed upon him with anxious questioning.

"Your mistress, Helen, says that you will add to this letter. But tell me first, how long since did you leave Alexandria?"

"Two weeks ago, master."

"You expected to deliver this letter to me at Damascus?"

"Yes, master."

"Then your mistress did not expect your speedy return?"

"No, not soon, my master. But—may I graciously be permitted to speak?"

"Speak freely and fully."

"I kiss your feet. She who sent the message wrote the words on a bed of suffering. Slowly and painfully she wrote, and when she had finished she sent me, her servant whom

she trusts, to deliver the message. She did this even though she has great need of my strong arms to lift her—none other can do it so gently, and the pain is cruel! She sent me even though she knew that her days are numbered and I might not return to ease her passing hours. My heart yearns over her, and I would return even as swiftly as the swallow flies."

"That can be arranged, I am sure. There is no reason why you should not go back on the first ship, now that you have delivered your errand."

But the look of anxiety on the face of the slave did not lift. Timoleon wondered, and added, "Is there something else you would speak of?"

"May the Father bless you! Is my master graciously disposed to grant the request my mistress has made?"

"That is not a matter to be hastily decided," began Timoleon. The look of disappointment on the man's face checked him. "You have not finished; say on."

"If you, my master—I know it is much to ask, but if you would but come at once! Within one short week both her husband and child fell asleep in Christ, and for months her

heart has turned with ever-increasing longing to her only brother's family, the family of Philip, of Antioch in Syria. By the hand of another she sent there, only to learn that he was dead and his wife and child gone to Damascus with the man who had married the child. The man returned without going on to Damascus and her heart was sorely vexed. She has no other kindred. Surely God the merciful let me find you here that you might be with her when the end comes."

Timoleon walked thoughtfully up and down the garden path. After all, this was Artemona's aunt, only sister of Philip, of Antioch, who had befriended him when he reached that city, friendless and alone. Business could wait. From here he would send a letter of instructions to Damascus while he himself returned with this faithful slave to comfort a poor old woman's dying hours.

"It is well. I will return with you at once. By what name are you called, faithful one?"

"Cresus, my master."

"Very well. Listen, Cresus. Find out just when a ship sails for Alexandria. Take passage on it for us. Here is money to pay. Then return that I may know when to say good-by to my friends."

Two hours later, though Timoleon had expected to have many pleasant days with Philip and his family, he had said good-by to them and was on his way to the wharf. Not until he and Cresus were on board the sailing vessel; not, indeed, until the ship had passed through the narrow opening on the north that was the only exit from the harbor of Cæsarea, did he remember that he had lost his opportunity to meet Paul. "Surely the Fates are interposing to keep us apart," thought Timoleon. "Or is it, as my friends, the Christians, would say, that the All-Wise Father has so ordered it that we shall not meet until the appointed time? But I wish I had sent him a message by Philip!"

## CHAPTER XIII

COMING from the white glare without, for a moment Timoleon could not see in the darkened room. He paused inside of the door until his eyes could make out the low couch drawn to the center of the room that it might catch every hint of a breeze. At one side stood Cresus, the faithful slave who had found Timoleon, waving a great fan of feathers; and before the windows hung wet curtains to temper the intolerable heat.

Cresus spoke: "My mistress, Timoleon, of Damascus, whose wife was Artemona, daughter of Philip, is here."

"That is good news. Let him come to my side," answered a thin, weary voice.

Quickly Timoleon came forward, and dropping on one knee beside the low bed, took the hand extended to him and said: "I am honored that you have allowed me to come, and if you will let me serve you even as your brother Philip would have done, you will further put me in your debt."

"I thank you. I will try not to overtax

TIMOLEON CAME FORWARD, DROPPING ON ONE KNEE BESIDE THE LOW BED. *P. 266*

your courtesy. Cresus tells me you married little Artemona?"

"We had ten happy years together," Timoleon answered—briefly, because at the moment he could not trust himself to speak more fully.

"Eunice was with you?"

"Always. She was our mother; as dear to me as the mother I lost in early childhood."

"Tell me of Philip and how you came to know him. Tell me of his last days; tell me all you can remember of my brother, my little brother, never separated from me an hour in childhood, but never seen face to face since I married and came to Alexandria."

Back through the years Timoleon went, beginning with his landing friendless and alone in Antioch. As he told the story to the frail little old woman, who, too, had loved Philip, and who now, nearing the end of her days, turned with yearning to the memories of life's beginnings, he found himself, as he talked to her, speaking of remembrances deep hidden in his own heart, of little daily happenings, of trivial words, of all the dear trifles that bind together family affection. He had put all these things far from him; he had refused to let his mind dwell upon them; he had thought his heart too sore to open the door to memory.

Yet now, at this dying woman's request, he flung the portal wide, and, in doing so, opened the way for peace to enter. The shadows of evening began to fall and still he sat on a low stool by the couch, telling the story of the years. At first he had paused often, fearful of unduly tiring his listener; but each time her eager "Go on! Go on!" pushed him deeper into the stream of narration.

He ended with the tale of the passing of Artemona and Eunice within a few days of each other, and sat silent. A strange exultation of spirit filled him. He had emptied his heart of the bitterness that springs from self-imposed silence and attempted forgetfulness, and he felt that from this time forth he could recall the past, and no longer thrust Artemona from him in his thoughts, but cherish her and feel her near him, even though by no physical sense could he discern her.

Helen, too, was silent for a time. At last she whispered, "You have made me very happy, my son. Now go in peace, the peace of the Master. Will you come in the morning, early? I have much to say to you."

Bending low over the outstretched hand, Timoleon promised, and went out of the darkened room, leaving behind a burden that

had been no less real because it was intangible.

In the morning he found Helen propped in a great chair, astonishingly unlike the prostrated invalid of the evening before. She checked his expressions of delight. "It is only the candle flicker before the flame goes out. We will make the most of it; we can do much together in a short time, for I see plainly that our spirits run together, even as did yours and Artemona's." She laid her hand on Timoleon's. "Remember, the candle goes out gladly, joyously. Now, this morning I am going to do the talking. You must know why I sent for you."

It did not surprise Timoleon to learn that Helen, of Alexandria, was a woman of great wealth. Her house was luxurious, the gardens that surrounded it were of great extent and beauty, and the works of art both in the house and the garden only to be owned by one who had the money to gratify her most extravagant longing for beauty of form and color. He knew, too, that she was a follower of the teachings of Jesus, the Christ. So much her words of the night before had indicated; but he found that her spiritual interests were much greater than her worldly invest-

ments, and that both were to be bound even more closely together.

In Alexandria she had continued the investments and business connections her husband had left—and they were far-reaching and involved. In addition, much money had been put into foreign enterprises. Fully one-third of the wealth was in a ship line to Rome, a line which had recently thrown out a subsidiary line to Britain. Later, Timoleon was to meet Helen's man of business and to go over all details with him, but for the present he was to learn from Helen's own lips how she wished interpreted the terms of the papers she had had drawn up. Timoleon found that the project nearest to her heart was the spread of the doctrines of the Nazarene. Particularly was she interested in the establishment of Christianity in Britain. As she talked of it her eyes glowed and a faint color came into her cheeks.

"Here, in Antioch, in Corinth, in Rome—everywhere in the world about us, Christianity has had to make its way among a people corrupt to the very heart, given over to sensual pleasures, a people of easy-going, careless habits of mind. In Britain is another world. There the people are simple in their outlook

upon life, strenuous in their living, not enervated either in mind or morals by luxury. There, and nowhere else, can there be a real test of what the gospel of Jesus Christ will do for life. I want you, Timoleon, to give the remainder of your life to this work. You are free from all ties of kindred; you will have at your command unlimited resources."

Timoleon's look of astonishment checked the rapid flow of her words. She made a gesture of impatience: "Of course, it is all to be yours; whose else? But, Timoleon, it is yours to use, not for self, but for others. You are an honest man; I know you will carry out my wishes. Now, as to Britain ——"

Timoleon held up an interposing hand. "Let me interrupt, I beg you. Of your great generosity, I cannot speak just now—it is too overwhelming, and I am too unworthy—but I must tell you at once that I am not a Christian. Neither am I a believer in the ancient gods. The truth is I know not what I believe. It is true my heart goes out to the Christians, but that is because Artemona and Eunice were Nazarenes. For myself, I believe with the mind, but I do not feel with the heart."

Helen smiled. "My inward vision grows very clear, Timoleon, as the time draws near

when it will be my only sight. You are not far from the Kingdom, much nearer than now you think. I ask nothing of you until you give yourself to the one God, a willing sacrifice; all your being—heart, soul, mind, and strength. Until that time comes, use what I leave you as your own, as your judgment dictates; but when you lay yourself upon the altar I know that all else will follow. Like Paul, whom you knew in boyhood, you will 'count all things as dross,' except as they may help you to bring others to the light.

"Now I am weary. But come again this afternoon, after the heat of the day is past. Then we will talk together again of Philip, and Eunice, and little Artemona, and you will tell me the messages you want me to give them when they meet me on the other side of life."

She held out her hand; but as Timoleon bent to kiss it, suddenly she threw her wasted arms about his neck and held him close. "My son! sent by the Father!" she whispered. Then, as suddenly, she released him. "Now, go! until this afternoon!" she breathed.

## CHAPTER XIV

LATE in the spring of the following year Timoleon stood on the deck of one of his own vessels and looked back at Alexandria, shining in the morning sunlight like a great jewel. Never had he seen a city more beautiful. "Queen of cities," he murmured under his breath. "No other place I have ever seen can equal you in beauty and in charm. Where else is such beauty of architecture, of sculptured form, of painted likenesses? What other city has such gardens, such streets, such air — compound of the desert and the sea? And what other city can boast of the learning that is yours? Though Archimedes, the philosopher, Euclid, the geometer, Ptolemy, the astronomer, and Strabo, the geographer, are no more, yet they have left worthy successors, both in the great observatory and in the chemical library. It may easily be that in the centuries to come men will point back to your university as the fountain of all their knowledge."

Gently the ship sailed past the Pharos.

High into the air it thrust its bright head. Still in a dreamy mood, Timoleon apostrophized it in turn. "Hail, all hail! Wonder of the world! Tower of beauty—gleaming with columns and balustrades of the finest marble! Tower of strength, fashioned of wrought stone, cunningly fitted together, sunk into the ocean's securest depths! Long, long may the light in your forehead speak to the mariner! May generations yet unborn bless you, star of the sea!"

It had been a busy year for Timoleon. The afternoon of the day when Helen had told him of her wishes he had returned to find her unconscious on her couch, never to waken again in this world. He found himself, perforce, the heir of all her wealth and bound by his own sense of honor to use it as she wished. He remembered gratefully that she did not expect him to carry out her designs until his whole heart was in them; until, in fact, they were the desire of his heart also. His days were filled with business cares; but, in the evening, with his whole heart he sought God. Not yet had a rushing, mighty wind, nor a still, small voice answered him. But, business matters at Alexandria settled, Timoleon, determined not to be inactive, started at once

for Rome to take hold of affairs there. Then, in his heart he purposed that had he not yet found HIM whom he sought, to go on to Britain. "It may be that Helen was right. It may be that there, in that rough, wild land, HE is closer to his children than here. Perhaps, there, stripped of all distractions to the outer senses, I may find HIM."

The course of the ship lay in a northwesterly direction for Syracuse, but a strong west wind blew steadily from the time the "Aphrodite" entered the Mediterranean. Persistently she was turned from her course in a more northerly direction. At last the master sought out Timoleon. "The 'Aphrodite' is far out of her course, sir. Moreover, the cargo is inclined to shift. With your permission we will run her into Myra, on the coast of Lycia, and there readjust the cargo and have safe anchorage while this contrary wind continues."

"I trust entirely to your judgment in the matter," Timoleon replied, "if indeed we are near the port, and do not have to go out of our way to enter."

"We are heading directly for it now, sir, and should sight the high hills that encircle it within the next hour."

"By all means run in, then, and put the ship into the best of condition before we start again."

The "Aphrodite's" master had not been wrong in his reckoning, and within two hours the ship lay at anchor within the landlocked harbor of Myra, which lay in the opening of a long, picturesque mountain gorge. She had much company, for the contrary wind had driven to this safe port many coasting vessels, though no other ship bound for Rome.

The next morning the captain sought out Timoleon. "A centurion, Julius by name, has come on board to ask that we give him and his prisoners transportation to Rome. What is your will, sir?"

"We are already well loaded," replied Timoleon thoughtfully. "What do you think about adding to the number on board?"

"The ship is full, sir, that is true. If any more come on board, they will have to sleep on the open deck or on top of the cargo. Of course, if we have fair weather that would not matter; but, as you know, the shipping season is near its close."

"I know. I would like to do the man a kindness; yet, in justice to the passengers already aboard, I do not see how this is possible.

This centurion is of Myra, I take it, and his prisoners are comfortably quartered here."

"Oh, no, sir! He comes from Cæsarea, and he came to this port in a coasting vessel, hoping here to find a ship bound for Rome. He hastens to Rome before navigation ceases, because he has with him a prisoner who has appealed to Cæsar, and Festus, procurator of Judæa, was unwilling that the matter should hang over until spring."

"I see. That alters the case. Should we refuse to take this centurion and his prisoners, what are their chances of finding another vessel to carry them?"

"Ordinarily, sir, there would be several weeks of good weather, and so, many chances; but, frankly, it looks to me as though navigation will close early; as though we might be the last out of this harbor this season."

"Then let the man sail with us. We will crowd a little to help him out."

Late the next afternoon Julius brought on board his little band of prisoners and their guards. In all there were sixty-seven souls. After these were disposed of in the quarters assigned them by the captain, the centurion sought out Timoleon and thanked him warmly for this permission to continue the voyage.

Julius was an open, frank, genial man, and Timoleon felt that a pleasant addition had been made to the ship's passenger list.

## CHAPTER XV

SUNRISE of the next day found them on their way. The "Aphrodite" left Myra under a favoring offshore wind, but, within an hour, it shifted, and only skilful seamanship kept the ship on her direct course. Cnidus, one hundred and thirty miles distant, was the next port of call on this shipway, and it took many days to cover even this short distance. Here was an excellent harbor, and Timoleon suggested that the ship put up for the winter, since, by this time, it was evident that the stormy season was closing in early. But Julius was impatient to reach Rome; so, also, was the captain of the ship, since Rome offered many more attractions for a three or four months' stay than did the provincial town of Cnidus.

"I see no reason why we may not run south to Crete, and, hugging her southern shore, escape these northwest winds. By the time we come out from under shelter it is probable they will have ceased to blow—it is too early for continued bad weather—and in the lull

following we can make for Syracuse, and then, in the next break in the weather, for Rome."

"So be it then, captain," answered Timoleon. "You are master of this ship and master of your trade. The centurion and I are only landsmen."

Accordingly the "Aphrodite" again put on her way. But again she moved slowly, and only with great difficulty did she round Cape Salmone, the eastern projection of Crete. But once under the lee of the island she ran along easily until she attempted to pass Cape Matala, a point jutting out into the sea, midway of the southern shore. There the sea and the wind buffeted them sorely. So roughly was the "Aphrodite" tossed about that she turned aside to a roadstead on the south coast, called Fair Havens. There she lay for many days, while the passengers and sailors sought such diversion as the near-by town of Lasæa offered.

At last came a morning when the persistent wind died down and a gentle, southerly breeze sprang up. The captain, Timoleon, and Julius stood on the deck, discussing the matter of sailing. "To the west, on this same coast, is a good, sheltered harbor, Phœnice. If we must winter here at Crete, that is a much better place than this open bay. It is only thirty-

five miles away, and we ought to be able to make it easily while this south wind is on." So spoke the captain.

"That sounds reasonable," agreed Timoleon. "What do you say, Julius?"

The centurion pursed his lips thoughtfully. "I am no sailor. You two are the ones to decide so far as I am concerned. You, captain, because seamanship is your trade; and you, Timoleon, because you own the 'Aphrodite,' but ——"

He paused, and Timoleon urged him on. "But what, Julius? What is it that you have in mind?"

Julius looked embarrassed. "You will laugh, I know, but the truth is, one of the prisoners in my charge, a little old man, shook his head this morning when the sailors were rejoicing over the south wind and the hope of making Phœnice. 'I have been much on the sea, though I am no sailor,' he said. 'This south wind bodes no good. If we sail, all will be endangered, the cargo, the ship itself, and the lives of all of us.' Those were his very words."

Timoleon smiled and the captain let loose a loud guffaw. "What did the sailors say to that?" he asked.

"Nothing. They laughed as you do now," answered Julius brusquely, a little offended that a ship's captain should treat so lightly the implied suggestion of a centurion.

Timoleon laid his hand on Julius' shoulder in friendly fashion: "I do not wonder the old man's words impressed you. We both, Greek and Roman, are prone to believe in signs and omens. Yet, in all fairness to the captain, I think we should leave this matter to him."

"You will remember I said so in the beginning," replied Julius, still somewhat hurt.

Within an hour the "Aphrodite" was on her way, fair-weather sails all set, everyone, passengers and sailors, in high spirits at being once more on their way, even though for but a brief run. Round the cape that before had barred their passage, the good ship ran serenely. Closely she hugged the shore. Already the high land above Phœnice could be seen as a blue haze in the distance. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, all was changed. Out of the mountains that towered above them swept a furious, twisting wind. It seized the "Aphrodite" and whirled her about. The helmsman stuck to his post, but his guiding paddles were useless and he was helpless to keep the ship on her course.

Swiftly she scudded before the gale. "Which way is she headed?" shouted Timoleon to the captain, the gale almost drowning his voice.

"For the island of Clauda, twenty miles southwest! Or—the gods forbid—for the quicksands of Syrtis, on the African coast!"

"Do all you can, man! Everyone on board will help! Set us to work at once!"

It was well that among the passengers and prisoners some had a knowledge of seamanship or Timoleon's well-meant suggestion would have been a hindrance rather than a help. But there were enough amateur sailors to supplement the regular crew, and so, as the "Aphrodite" ran under the lee of Clauda, the small boat which had been left running behind for the short sail to Phœnice was taken on board. By this time it was discovered that the great single mast had been so tried by the wind that her straining had opened the seams, and that water was coming into the hold.

"May the gods be merciful!" ejaculated the captain. "We will have to undergird the boat!"

This, too, was accomplished. Three great cables were passed under the leaking hull, and

knotted securely across the deck. Then followed a struggle to lower the mainyard with its great sail. At length this was done, and the ship lay with her right side to the wind, drifting rapidly in a northwesterly direction. The perils of the quicksands were left behind, but no man might guess what dangers lay before.

Morning broke on another stormy day. The undergirding had not stopped the leaking of the vessel. All that could be spared was thrown overboard in an effort to lighten the ship. But when the following dawn showed the same high sea, the same fierce wind, the same lowering skies, it was no longer a question of what could be spared but of what must go. Passengers worked with the sailors in cutting away the great mainyard with its tangled rigging and mass of torn canvas. The "Aphrodite" now was only a hulk drifting helplessly on foam-capped surges that often swept completely over the deck.

Then followed day after day of dreary misery. The sky was dark and lowering, the sea raged in frightful beauty, and those on board ceased to pray to their gods to grant them life and waited in sullen apathy for the inevitable end. The cooking quarters were flooded; so

that hunger, too, stalked in their midst. But cold and hunger were only unnoted fractions of the general overwhelming wretchedness.

One little group alone never lost courage. Three men, Timoleon noted, kept close together and wore an air of serenity that was utterly inexplicable. He spoke to Julius of it. "Have you noted how calm and unmoved those three men are? What do you suppose is the reason?"

Julius shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, I have noticed. It so happens that one of the men, the little old one, is the *Caesarem appello* prisoner, and the two others are friends of his, permitted to accompany him to Rome as his servants, the only way a place could be made for them in the company."

"A prisoner and the servants of a prisoner! That affords no reason for calmness in the face of shipwreck!"

Julius looked about to see that none were near and lowering his voice, said, "The truth is these men are Nazarenes, and continually they pray to their God and seem to find much comfort thereby. Almost, they persuade me to believe. Indeed, they have so wrought upon me that I am on my way to the captain to ask if the old man may speak to the passengers

and crew and tell them of a vision he claims to have had in the night."

"A vision of good cheer?"

"So he says."

"Then, by all means, bring him, and we will gather on this sheltered deck and hear what he has to say. I will speak for the captain in this. We are in such straits that nothing which offers hope should be derided."

Ten minutes later most of the two hundred passengers, Julius' little company, and the sailors, huddled together in wet misery, too hopeless to resent being roused from their apathy. Timoleon raised his voice above the storm: "Here is a man who has a word of cheer for us. We need it, and we all will listen gladly to what he has to say."

Because he was the ship's owner, and because he spoke with authority, all eyes turned to the little man standing on the stump of the broken mainmast, supported there by his two friends. He raised his hand for attention, and shouting that he might be heard, began: "I exhort you, be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but only of the ship. In the night, there stood by me an angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul; thou must

stand before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all who sail with thee!'"

He paused a moment for breath, then added, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God. What has been declared unto me will surely come to pass. However, we must be cast upon a certain island."

He stepped down, and at once there arose a babel of commenting voices. "At least the little old prisoner has jolted the company out of its indifference," thought Julius.

One of Paul's hearers stood dumb with amazement. Timoleon's head whirled with the confusion of his thoughts. "This man—Paul! How can it be? Why have we been together on board all these days without meeting? How blind I have been! A prisoner who had made the appeal to Cæsar! I might have known that such a man could be none other than Paul. What if I had denied him passage at Myra? Yet, on the other hand, what if I have brought him to his death? Though his prediction may be fulfilled—the one he made at Fair Havens certainly was—I have been blind, blind!"

He was all impatience to reach Paul's side and make himself known; but passengers, crew, and fellow-prisoners were pressing close,

each seeking details and further confirmation from Paul's own lips of their final safety. It was perhaps two hours later before Timoleon saw that Paul, at last, was alone. Seated under what was left of the high platform at the stern, his eyes were uplifted, his lips were moving, and his face shone as the face of one who sees the unseen. "It is assuredly Paul," said Timoleon to himself. "So, many times, have I seen him, a boy on the streets of Tarsus, forget his surroundings and live in another world."

He stood to one side waiting until the mood of exaltation had passed. Then he went over and stood before the prisoner: "Paul, of Tarsus, do you remember the street waif, Timoleon, who worked in the market of that city with Clion at the time you were learning your trade with Simeon?"

Paul looked at him gravely a moment, evidently by an effort, recalling those far-off days of his youth. Suddenly a warm smile irradiated his tired face and he exclaimed, "The little Greek, who was so eager to learn! Of course I remember him. Is he a friend of yours?"

"I am he."

Paul looked at him searchingly. "But Ti-

moleon was only four years younger than I—and you—you are a man in the prime of life while I am an old man!"

Such was the pathos in his voice that at first Timoleon could find no words in which to answer. How could he speak of Paul's frail health, even as a boy, and of the cruel sufferings he had undergone in later life, both factors that age a man prematurely? At last he said inadequately, "Old age is not a matter of outward appearance, nor is it to be reckoned by years."

"That is true, brother," replied Paul. "God checks not our days by man's measure of time. But let us talk together. Tell me, Timoleon—since you are indeed he—did you ever go to the university and the gymnasium as you so longed to do?"

Timoleon sat down on the wet deck at Paul's feet: "Gladly will I talk, but before we speak of Tarsus, may I tell you of some I know who are proud to call themselves your friends?"

Paul's eyes were even more eager than his voice as he questioned, "You mean ——?"

And while the wind roared about them, and the spray dashed over the deck, Timoleon spoke of Gaius, of Philip of Cæsarea-by-the-

Sea, of Priscilla and Aquila, and of many other Christians he had known. Together they talked until the gray gloom of day began to deepen into the darkness of night. Neither noted the passage of time; but at length they were interrupted by the two who had shipped as Paul's slaves. They, fearing for Paul's safety, had sought him long before they discovered him in earnest conversation with the owner of the ship. Paul held out a hand to each. "These, Timoleon, are my friends and fellow-workers in the Lord: Luke, the beloved physician, and Aristarchus, of Macedonia."

## CHAPTER XVI

During these dreary days men snatched sleep fitfully in the spot where it overtook them. At the best, they could hope for but a brief surcease from the anxiety of their waking hours, but Nature would not be denied brief periods of blessed forgetfulness. Yet, at the noon of night, there were many who, in shivering wakefulness, heard a new note in the tumult of the storm. The master of the ship caught it at once and knew it for the sullen roar of breakers dashing on a rocky coast. Swiftly he gave the order to heave the lead.

"Twenty fathoms!" shouted the sailors.

Ten minutes later, as the roar seemed closer, the captain repeated his order. This time the answer was, "Fifteen fathoms!"

Without delay, the order rang out above the roar of the breakers, "Clear the anchors at the stern; all four of them!"

Promptly the sailors obeyed. By this time all on board were awake, and even the veriest landsman could distinguish the thunder of the

hungry breakers. To add to their distress the rain fell in torrents. The sailors muttered among themselves, "Nothing can save us now!"

"Some may get ashore, but it will be every man for himself!"

"What is one boat among so many?"

"The captain will order the passengers ashore first! Yet who has done all the hard work? The boat is ours by rights!"

No one of them knew who first moved to the ship's side and made a pretext of seeing to the bow anchors, but they found themselves working side by side, lowering the boat into the sea, unnoticed by anyone in the thick darkness and driving rain. Their low whispers, however, had been overheard; how, in all that wind and sea, Paul never could tell, but he knew enough of what was in their hearts to cause him to work his way to Julius—who with some of the guard stood near by—and to say, "Unless the sailors remain in the ship, we cannot be saved."

"What do you mean?" snapped Julius.

Paul pointed to the side of the ship. Without waiting for an order, three soldiers sprang forward and, muttering profanely, cut the ropes with their swords.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the centurion.

The men trembled with fear. One spoke: "Sir, I know not. But the little man said if they went, all would be lost, and you know the gods have given him the gift of prophecy."

In his heart Julius thought the same, and he was not sorry the sailors had been kept from leaving the ship; so he turned away without even censuring the soldiers.

With anxious hearts all on board waited for the morning. In the hour before dawn the rain ceased and the day broke wanly. Close at hand could be seen the high, rocky shores of an island. At that, despair closed on all. Seeing this, with the help of his friends Paul again mounted the broken mainmast and shouted, "Not a hair of your head shall fall! Take some bread to strengthen you, and we all will go on shore in safety."

At these words fresh courage filled his hearers. The captain ordered all the bread on board to be distributed, and when it was eaten he set both passengers and crew at work to lighten the "Aphrodite"—now tilted perilously—by throwing the wheat out of the hold. When this was done he set men at the bow to hoist the tattered remnant of the foresail and

others at the stern to cut the anchor ropes. At the word of command this was done simultaneously, and, like a living thing, the ship leaped toward the shore. At the stern the helmsman wrought desperately with the disabled rudders, trying to turn the "Aphrodite" toward a little sandy depression all took for a creek, but which was, in reality, a narrow channel running between the island and the tiny isle of Salmonetta. One of the long paddles broke off short, and the ship drove full tilt on a sandbank. Her bow rammed into the bank, and almost immediately her stern began to go to pieces in the pounding waves.

Some began jumping overboard, others grasped pieces of boards, bits of spars, or anything to which they might cling. In the confusion the soldiers began to shout the regular Roman call when a convoy was in danger: "Kill the prisoners, lest they escape!"

Julius, their commander, heard and understood. With their own lives these men were responsible for the delivery at Rome of every prisoner they had in charge. Yet how could he give an order that would cut short the life of Paul, the prophet? For an instant only, he hesitated. Then he cried, "Some are chained. Loose them! Let all who can swim

throw themselves first into the sea. Let the others try to get to shore on pieces of wreckage. All shall have a chance for life!"

The prisoners needed no further word. Though they battled for the land only to retain their bonds, none on the ill-fated ship strove more strenuously. Paul found the water no icier than the snow-water of the Cydnus, the river in which he had learned to swim in boyhood. Nor was it a hard task for Timoleon to reach the shore. Hard or easy, in the end every man who had lived on the ship shivered on the beach.

But they were not left long alone. The people of the island, whose speech was a dialect neither Greek nor Latin, were, therefore, to the centurion and his soldiers "barbarians." Nevertheless, they were warm of sympathy and ready of resource. Soon they had great fires kindled on the beach, where the shipwrecked company might warm their numbed bodies. All helped in the gathering of the wood and the feeding of the fires. Paul came up, his left arm heaped high with fagots. With his right hand he began feeding them to the flames, talking at the same time to Aristarchus, who was utterly exhausted. As Paul dropped a handful of furze roots into the fire

he felt a sharp pain dart through his hand, and at the same instant one of the islanders called out, "A viper! A viper!"

Without a word, Paul shook the venomous little serpent into the fire and went on talking to Aristarchus, who had not noted the incident. But Luke, who was standing by, saw it, and heard one of the islanders speak to another, and learned later, through an interpreter that he had said: "This fellow is one of the escaped prisoners. He must be a murderer; for see, he has escaped the sea only to die by a serpent's bite."

His fellow nodded wisely, and spoke to another islander. Soon a little group was gathered to one side, forgetful of fires, forgetful of all but the horrible death that shortly was to come upon one who had offended the gods. Meanwhile, order was coming out of the confusion on the shore. Food, hot drink, and dry clothing were being distributed among the shipwrecked, and the islanders were planning among themselves to open their homes to the sufferers.

In astonishment Paul saw a group of men kneel before him, and, bowing low, make some request. He turned to the Roman governor of the island, Publius, who had invited Paul and

his two companions to be his guests, and said, "I cannot understand; what does the man say?"

The governor spoke to one of the men in his own language and listened attentively to his reply. Then, turning to Paul, he said, "They are worshiping you as a god. This man says that only a god could live after being bitten by a viper. What does he mean?"

Paul told him of the incident, adding gravely, "Tell the man I am no god, but that the power of the One God working through me has not suffered the venom to work any harm."

## CHAPTER XVII

NEVER, to the end of his long life, could Timoleon refer without emotion to that winter on the island of Malta. It may be there were others who found its happenings indelibly imprinted upon memory, for the experience was a unique one, even for the most seasoned traveler. To spend months on an island only partly cultivated and inhabited, among a people of an unfamiliar tongue, without one word of news from the great world outside, was an experience no man could meet and be unimpressed.

Timoleon was more fortunate than some of the other passengers, for he found lodging in the comfortable home of Publius, the Roman governor. There, also, were quartered the captain, Julius, Paul, and Luke, the physician; also Aristarchus, of Thessalonica. They formed a congenial company. In the early part of their stay, by prayer and the laying on of hands, Paul healed the father of Publius, who made his home in his son's house. The governor was not one to forget such a

service, and thereafter Paul was the guest of honor. Also, the governor opened his doors freely to the many who came to ask help of Paul when they heard of his power. Generously did Paul relieve the sufferers who were brought to him, and many times he walked weary miles to help some poor islander too ill to come to the governor's house.

In the evenings that the little company spent together, it was easily Paul that dominated the conversation, despite the fact that all were men who had traveled, all were men of education, and not one but could describe graphically the lands and people he had known. Each had his own philosophy of life and was able to set it forth in fitting language. Though the golden age of philosophy had passed, still its problems dominated the minds of thinking men, even as they have in all ages, and many a discussion took place by the governor's hospitable fire. Yet, increasingly, it was to Paul that the men turned for the final word, the summing up that should reveal the weakness of the argument set forth.

At such times his logic was merciless, his power of deduction little short of marvelous. Yet there were times when he rose even above these heights. The little group came to recog-

nize that there were times when a power not his own possessed him, times when his words were winged fire. Always such times followed a period of abstraction, when the talk about him had failed to engage his attention. After a time he would look up, listen until a pause came in the conversation, then take up the argument, follow it to its conclusion, then disprove it in words so few and so final that there was nothing left to say. Then invariably came a setting forth of the same subject from the viewpoint of the Man of Nazareth: a discourse that was a marvel of logic and lucidity. One by one those who heard him succumbed to the spell of his eloquence. Of course, Luke and Aristarchus were already Christians; but the governor, his household, Julius, all, soon accepted as truth the teachings and life of the Risen Master, and were proud to bear his name. Not so Timoleon. His intellect gave complete assent to Paul's arguments, his daily life spoke of acceptance of his teachings, his sympathy was given wholeheartedly to the followers of the Christ, but before allying himself openly with them he waited for some miracle; some sudden burst of illumination; some uprush of power that would attest that he was indeed a Christian.

Meantime he and Paul had many talks together of the years that lay between the days of their youth and this winter of their later life. One day as they talked together Timoleon said, "It is strange that in all this time we have been together I have never heard what took place in Cæsarea after Felix remanded you to prison to wait the coming of Lycias, the captain of the guard at Jerusalem."

"It is not a long tale," replied Paul. "Felix sent for me many times, thinking that money would be forthcoming to pay for my release. Of course, that could not be; for if I was innocent, according to the law freedom belonged to me, but if guilty, then he could not lawfully sell me my liberty. So matters stood when he was recalled to Rome because of the riot between the Greeks and Jews in the market place, and the plundering of the houses of the Jews of the city by the troops that by much shedding of blood, finally put down the riot.

"Then Festus, the new governor, came. He went at once to Jerusalem to look into matters of pressing importance, and the Sanhedrin at that time urged him to pass sentence upon my case. This he refused to do except according to law, and the law requires that the accused and the accuser face each

other and that the accused be allowed to state his defense. So the Sanhedrin sent a delegation to Cæsarea, on the return of Festus, and I was brought before him. After they had made many charges they were not able to prove, I was told to speak.

"What could I say but that I had offended neither the law of the Jews nor the Roman law? Festus, plainly, was in a dilemma. Evidently, he liked not the attitude of my accusers, yet, as all men know, the stability of the seat of the procurator of Judæa depends to a great extent upon his keeping favor with the Jews of Jerusalem. At last he turned to me and asked, 'Will you go up to Jerusalem and there be judged of these matters, under my protection?'

"At that I was righteously indignant. Why should I, a prisoner of Rome, go up to Jerusalem to be tried by the Jewish Sanhedrin? Impulsively I answered, 'I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, and there my trial should be. As you know, I have done the Jews no wrong. If I am worthy of death, I am not afraid to die, but if the things of which these men accuse me are false, no man can give me up to them. I appeal unto Cæsar!'

"I tell you, Timoleon, that it was without

any thought of doing so I uttered the words that set up an impassable barrier between me and the fury of the Sanhedrin. The words spoke themselves; rather, with all my heart I believe that through my lips the Lord himself spake. Brother, have I told you how, when I first was taken by the guard and lodged in the Castle of Antonia, I saw him in the night?"

Paul's voice was filled with awe and reverence and his face was alight at the memory.

"I have not heard," Timoleon replied. "May I know now?"

Paul spoke in a hushed voice. "He stood by my bed and said, 'Be of good cheer, Paul. For as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also in Rome.'

"With such an assurance do you think I ever could lose heart, even though the time passed slowly in Cæsarea? And what surer way to go to Rome than as a *Caesarem appello* prisoner?

"Never did purer joy fill my heart than when Festus replied, '*Caesarem appelasti, ad Caesarem ibis.*'"

"Potent words," murmured Timoleon: "'To Cæsar thou hast appealed; to Cæsar thou shalt go!' But you were not sent at once?"

"Very soon. But before the ship sailed I had yet another chance to preach Jesus to one of the rulers."

Timoleon's look spoke his interest.

"Herod Agrippa II, king of the petty kingdom of Chalcis, with his sister Bernice, came on a complimentary visit to the new procurator. I was called into the audience chamber that Agrippa might, out of his knowledge of the Jewish law, be able to put into plain terms for the authorities at Rome the accusation against me."

"What did you say to him?"

"He is no philosopher, to be interested in doctrines; but what man finds not matter for reflection in the experiences of a fellow-man? So I told the story of how I, one of the strictest of the Pharisees, a persecutor of the Christians, saw the Risen Jesus face to face and became one of his followers."

"What impression did your story make on the kinglet?"

Paul shook his head sorrowfully. "Agrippa is a Jew, and when I asked him if he believed the prophets who had foretold the coming of Jesus, the Messiah, what could he say? If he answered, 'Yes,' he acknowledged the truth that I had pointed out concerning the fulfil-

ment of all prophecy in Jesus. If he said, 'No,' in that he confessed himself a renegade in religion. He shifted about, and at last replied, in embarrassment, 'Almost you persuade me to be a Christian!'"

Paul fell silent, and, as the next moment a noisy company came in from out of doors, Timoleon did not get to ask the question that trembled on his lips, "Was Agrippa sincere in that statement, or did he speak in derision?"

## CHAPTER XVIII

So the winter wore away to spring. Fortunately for the shipwrecked, another Alexandrian corn-ship, the "Twin Brothers," was wintering in the regular harbor of Malta. She made room in her already crowded quarters for the crew and passengers of the lost "Aphrodite," and the first week of settled weather found the shipwrecked company once more on their way toward Rome.

She spent three sunny, cloudless days at Syracuse, on the island of Sicily, the island brooded over in daytime by a heavy gray cloud and at night by Ætna's glowing fires. The "Twin Brothers" sailed on, to wait one day in the harbor of Rhegium for a south wind to take them in safety through the Strait of Messina, the most famous narrows in the world, the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients. Safely the ship passed between the jagged rocks and the hissing whirlpool, and took her way along the fair shore of Italy to one of the most beautiful bays known to men, the Bay of Naples. To the right, Vesuvius

sent a trail of white smoke into the brilliant blue sky, though its slopes were green with vineyards in the spring sunshine. None of the many who looked upon that beautiful, tranquil scene as the "Twin Brothers" crossed the bay to Puteoli, visioned the doom less than a score of years distant. "Ruin like that of Sodom and Gomorrah hung over the fair cities at the base of the mountain. The Jewish Princess, Drusilla, who had conversed with Paul in Cæsarea, was to find her tomb in that ruin, with the child she had borne to Felix."

The passengers landed at Puteoli to find many of its inhabitants crowded upon the pier, awaiting them; for the "Twin Brothers" had come in with its little topsail flying, a privilege granted to none but ships of Alexandria. As it was one of the first ships to come in after the winter cessation of shipping, it received a hearty welcome. The town itself had much to charm and hold wayworn travelers. Not only was it a great seaport, but it was also a favorite resort of the fashionable society of Rome. One part of the harbor was gay with their yachts; and across the shining bay, from the long pier built of indestructible concrete out of the outpourings of

Vesuvius, to the Villa of the Emperors, three miles distant on the other side, stretched a roadway of boats. This had been built by the mad Caligula that he might cross on his black horse and boast that he, a god, could ride the sea.

Many passengers tarried at Puteoli to remove the stains of travel and to replenish their wardrobes before following the Appian Way to Rome. Among these were Timoleon, and Julius with his prisoners. The bond of friendship between the two men and Paul was especially strong, though each found a place in his heart for Luke and Aristarchus as well. Paul was prisoner in name only. During the seven days the little company spent in Puteoli he was as free to visit the Christians in the Jewish quarter of the city as any of the others. And when the time came to move to Rome, instead of trudging in the dust, with a soldier guard on either side, through Timoleon's generosity Paul and his companions rode on hired horses.

It was not fitting that Julius should ride with his prisoners, but he spent the night before the journey with Paul in the house of one of the Christian Jews of Puteoli, and through Timoleon, he and Paul constantly exchanged

messages on the way to Rome. For Timoleon, hampered by no official duties or dignity of state, found his place by Paul's side as the company of prisoners and soldiers left the gay seaside city. Not until the end of the first day's journey did they come to the Appian Way, at Capua. As Paul looked on the four-yard-wide road, paved with hard, black flagstones, so closely fitted together that the stones seemed one, he said smilingly to Timoleon, "I thank the Father that never do I travel this way alone."

Timoleon looked at him in surprise. "I thought this was the first time you had been in Italy!"

"In Italy, yes, but not the first time I have traveled this road. Do you not remember the *Via Egnatia,* on which you journeyed from Neapolis to Philippi? This is but a continuation of the same road, the road that binds Greece to Rome."

"True; now I remember. Gaius was with you when you last went that way from Philippi to Troas on your way to Jerusalem. And as he made the return journey I was with him. I would he were with us now!"

"He is a faithful helper in Christ and a dear brother; but I cannot wish him with us,

for I know not how he might fare in Rome. My heart grows heavy as we near our journey's end."

"But the last word we had from Rome was that there was no interference with the Christians' worship, and that their number was increasing constantly. And as for yourself, dear brother, you are a prisoner of Rome, and speedily will be brought to trial. Since both Festus and Agrippa say there is no specific charge against you, you cannot fail to be liberated. Then, what a glorious work you can do!"

"It may be so. According to man's wisdom, it would seem that it must be so. Yet I am depressed."

The next morning at daybreak the company was again on its way. All day they followed the River Vulturnus down toward the sea, passing at every mile a tall, black pillar, and at every twenty miles a post house, where the carriers of the imperial mail changed horses. The way was lined with stone benches, where the foot passengers might rest at will. When they crossed the Savo River the sun was setting, and they camped for the night within sight of the purple islands of the blue sea. Another start, at dawn, led them through

miles of vineyards, with the hills on their right hand and the sea on the left. Not until Terracina did they turn their backs on the sea, descend the hills, and face directly toward Rome.

Paul's depression did not leave him. He was old, broken in health, weary of incessant travel. As they rode along, his thoughts turned lovingly to the days of childhood, and he talked much with Timoleon of Tarsus and of the Jewish festivals they kept in the home. "They brought the God of Israel very close to us: if only I now could bring the Risen Christ as close to the hearts of this, my own people! My heart yearns over Israel. If her people could but realize that now is all prophecy fulfilled, and so feel the peace that passeth all understanding. For, my brother, I would not have you think because I am low in spirit that this peace has departed. Its song is still in my heart, even though the mind obtrudes its fears."

"I understand, my brother," Timoleon replied. "The uncertainty of the condition of affairs at Rome wears upon you. But very soon we will know exactly what the situation is."

They were to know soon, much sooner than

anyone thought. Across the Pontine marshes the raised causeway of the Appian Road was bordered for twenty miles by a canal. Boats drawn by mules moved on its sluggish waters, and at Appii Forum, where the canal ended, were stables for the mules and many low taverns for the bargemen and the strangers from all over the world who came together at this point. Here, in this "place of coarse vice and vulgar traffic," joy came to Paul. Even before he dismounted his eager eye caught sight of familiar faces in the crowd. He spoke quickly to Timoleon: "Look! Is that not Priscilla and Aquila? And who is with them? Is it? —no, it cannot be—but, yes, it is—Herodion, my kinsman! Can it be that they have come to meet us? But how could they know that we were coming?"

So, ejaculating and questioning, Paul dismounted swiftly from his horse, forgetting all his stiffness and fatigue. Then followed an hour of greetings, explanations, exchanging of news, and all the confused joy that accompanies a meeting between friends that have long been separated. Paul's heart was lightened of anxiety concerning the condition of the Christians at Rome. "Nero is too fully occupied with singing and writing verses to

bother his head about us," said Priscilla, "and so long as we meet quietly the Jews say nothing. We meet in many places, for no one spot could hold all who follow the teachings of the Christ. Indeed, there are so many of the faith it is not possible for anyone to know them all."

"But," supplemented her husband, Aquila, "we have a way of making ourselves known without danger, to anyone whom we think to be also of 'The Way.' In the dust at our feet we draw a fish."

"A fish!" exclaimed Timoleon. "What does that mean?"

"Repeat in your own language, 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior.'"

"*Iseous Christos, Theou Uios, Soter,*" said Timoleon reverently.

"Take the first letters of each word in turn. Put them into one word. What do they spell?"

"Fish!" ejaculated Timoleon. "Truly a clever device!"

Meantime the soldiers and all the prisoners had eaten and rested. Again the little company moved on. But now, with Paul, Timoleon, Luke, and Aristarchus rode the friends who had come out from Rome. Paul was in

high spirits. The coming of his friends had been an elixir of strength and again he was full of courage. Appii Forum was left behind them, and when they came to Three Taverns again was Paul greeted with smiles and tears; this time by other kinsmen, by Andronicus and his wife Junia, and by Rufus, Urbane, and others of the Christian family in Rome. Here, where a road came up from the sea, the travelers rested, and when they again went on their way it was at a slow pace, for the Appian Way was thronged from this point to the Golden Milestone in the center of the Eternal City. Past them, in open four-wheeled carriages, rode Roman ladies in white robes, with cloaks of bright colors. Sometimes they were carried instead in yellow-curtained, white-and-gold palanquins, borne on the shoulders of slaves, swinging along in perfect rhythm. Open, two-wheeled chariots, driven by gay young officers, clattered by, and Roman gentlemen, with hair closely cut, rode high-stepping horses. There was, also, much humbler traffic: straggling lines of donkeys, mules and horses, laden with corn sacks, wine skins, and baskets of fruit; also wagons and sledges drawn by sleepy oxen, were conveying provisions to the great city.

## CHAPTER XIX

For miles the crowded road was bordered by tombs. Some of these had doors and windows and were as large as a house; others were plain solid squares of vari-colored marbles, and still others merely round pillars carved with exquisite skill. "A strange conceit of the rich and noble," thought Timoleon, "to choose to sleep by this thronged way, with its babel of voices and rumble of traffic!"

Past the monument of the Julian family they went, and by a careless gesture Julius pointed it out to Timoleon: "There sleep my ancestors. Some day I must join them there; yet not I, but only this wornout body. By the faith Paul preaches—the faith I have taken for my own—there is a life beyond, and the end here is not final, as I was taught to believe."

On they went, by marble palaces almost hidden in groves of trees; past little villages; across the famous aqueduct of Aricia, one of the twenty which poured mountain water into

the city; through the Porta Capena, dripping with the waters of the aqueduct over it; under magnificent triumphal arches.

On the summit of the next rise beyond Aricia, Timoleon caught his first glimpse of Rome. Before him stretched the great city, covering the Campagna and almost continuously connected by its suburbs with the villas on the hill where he stood and with the bright towns which clustered on the sides of the mountains opposite. Distance concealed the contrasts which divided the crowded dwellings of the poor and the dark haunts of filth and misery from the theaters and colonnades, the baths, the temples, and palaces with gilded roofs flashing in the sun.

"I cannot distinguish the city wall," Timoleon said to Julius.

His friend laughed. "No wonder! Once there was one, but most of the city is outside of it now, and in Rome we have a saying, 'The army of Rome is her wall, every brick of which is a man.'"

At last the little company looked down into the Forum, the heart of Rome, and the center of the world's civilization. Ancient and beautiful temples lined the road. Julius named them all to Timoleon, ending, "But the one

most cherished is this, the Temple of Vesta, where, for centuries, fire has burned undimmed. The highest born and most beautiful maidens of Rome count it an honor to serve here as priestesses and to tend the sacred fire. What a hollow mockery it seems now, though there was a time when it was to me a beautiful ceremony!"

The glittering courts of the Golden House, Nero's palace, rose before them. At the back of this hill, the Palatine, were the barracks of the soldiers, and here Julius delivered his prisoners to Burrus, the prefect of the Prætorians. It was not easy for him to hand over Paul to custody other than his own. There was no outward parting, for that was not possible under the eyes of his own soldiers and those that attended Burrus; but the long look that passed between the two men, bound and free, Jew and Roman, was eloquent of a tie that far transcended that of race or condition.

With Burrus, Julius spoke privately. "The old man, Paul, is a *Caesarem appello* prisoner. Neither Festus nor Agrippa found him guilty of any crime, yet because he had made this appeal to Cæsar it was necessary to bring him to Rome."

"What was the original charge against him?"

"The Jews of Jerusalem hate him because he is of the sect of Christians. They made charges which they were unable to substantiate. But Felix, who then was procurator, would not release him because he wished to curry favor with the Jews. I tell you, Burrus, he is a true man, and one to whom our ship's company owed life itself."

Then followed the story of the shipwreck, and the tale of the winter with its ministry of healing and teaching. "Give him all the liberty possible. I promise you he will not abuse it."

So it was that within two days Paul was quartered in his own house, hired through the generosity of Timoleon, who, looking upon the money left him by Helen, of Alexandria, as a sacred trust, found his truest joy in using it according to the wishes of the giver. Timoleon took good care that no comfort should be wanting in this house, which was a large one, because Luke and Aristarchus, as well as Timoleon, were to find here their home. But it was distinctly understood that Paul was the head of the house, and that to it he might invite whom he would. As a matter of conform-

ance to law, a soldier had to be quartered with Paul, even bound to him with a chain; but the chain was long and the soldiers considerate. Timoleon felt convinced in his own heart that within a short time they would succumb to the spell of Paul's personality and become his friends. "Who knows," he mused, "but he may even teach them 'The Way'?"

The third day after they were settled in this house Paul sent for the leading Jews of the city. These were great men among their own race, but despised in the eyes of their Roman neighbors. They came from the section of the city reserved for the Jews, where, in crowded quarters, they dwelt apart. Most of them were merchants in a small way, peddlers, and hawkers, but some among them had grown rich. Yet still they dwelt among their kindred, and dearer to them than anything else in life was their religion. For it they had suffered persecution many times. As recently as the time of Claudius they had been sent out of the city, only to return when a new emperor's accession promised a surcease of persecution. On the whole, the Jews to whom Paul's heart now reached out were a numerous and influential community with many poor and some very wealthy among them.

Paul told them frankly why he had come to Rome, and learned that the Jews of Jerusalem had not yet preferred any charges against him to their brethren at Rome. "But," added the spokesman, "as for the sect called Christians, we know they are everywhere spoken against."

"If you will set a day to come here, with as many of your friends as the courtyard will hold," answered Paul, "we will discuss this matter. I will tell you plainly what the Christians believe, and you may judge for yourselves."

So it came to pass within a week that the courtyard was filled early in the morning with representative Jews from the *Trastevere,* their own district beyond the Tiber. Until evening Paul talked to them and with them. He showed them that the Kingdom of God was not without, but within; that if the love of God and love of man dwelt in the heart of a man, there was the Kingdom. He quoted to them from their own prophets, "What doth God require of thee, O man, but to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"

Then, still quoting the prophecies, he spoke of the Christ who came to earth to tell men of his Father. He showed how this man was the fulfilment of their own Scriptures. Scarcely

a man among them knew the Law and the Prophets as did Paul, and even those who dissented from his views wondered at his learning. Constantly, as was their custom, they interrupted by questions. At Timoleon's command, bread and fruit and water were handed about at intervals, and so the day wore on. In the end, some believed; but others were still unconvinced, and the argument waxed high. At last Paul brought the meeting to a close by a word of warning, "Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent also unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it."

That evening, as the little household sat about the evening meal, Paul sighed heavily. "If only I might have made them see with the mind's eye and understand with the heart! But hearing, they know not, and seeing, they do not comprehend."

Yet, in the days to come, many among those who listened that day sought Paul out privately and inquired of him more concerning "The Way." And among the number were some who in the days that were far in the future were to die for the faith they once had scoffed at.

## CHAPTER XX

MANY came to the house by the narrow Fabrican bridge, a river-crossing already one hundred years old. Over its stones, worn smooth by the passing of countless feet, came to Paul's house rich and poor, old and young, men and women. Many came that were unknown to each other—for the Christians of Rome met in sandpits, in caves, in secluded spots—and always they came with faces veiled that no man might know who his neighbor was. Sometimes men meeting on the road would trace in the dust a fish and quickly rub it out with a sandaled foot, even as Aquila had said, but for the most part only the members of little groups spoke to one another of the dear Master whom all loved.

Sometimes a man and his whole household, bond and free, found that through Paul's teaching they had learned "The Way." Even so it was with Aristobolus, son of Herod the Great, and his slaves; and so with Narcissus, favorite freedman of Claudius, and his household. Two Greek colonies, Christian before

Paul came, added largely to their numbers. And with two Romans Paul formed ties of friendship that never weakened. Both were welcome and frequent guests in the house Timoleon called Paul's own. Clement was of the nobility. He built an oratory in his own house, where he might, undisturbed, approach the God "who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly." In the years unborn he was to be the head of the Christian church in Rome and to be known as its Bishop; but no man foresaw that time as he talked to Paul and visited his friends in the house by the river's side.

The other friend, Pudens, was the son of a Roman senator, and had himself served as governor of one of the southern provinces of Britain. There he had married the daughter of a British king, a Christian, who had won her husband to her own faith. With his wife, Claudia, and their two daughters, Pudentiana and Praxedes, Pudens came often to visit Paul.

But the wicket gate swung just as widely on its hinges to the slaves, to the soldiers of the guard, to the humble workmen who came seeking the teacher who had the words of eternal life. Mostly, they came by night,

closely muffled, but each one had the same desire—to know God. And to each, Paul spoke according to his need.

The mother of Rufus took upon herself the oversight of the household, ministering so tenderly to the little group gathered there that Paul was wont lovingly to refer to her as "mother." Mary, Persis, Tryphena, and many other unnamed women brought dishes cooked at their own fires and clothes fashioned by their own needles.

So two years went by, years rich and fruitful for Paul, busy years for Timoleon. One of his first duties, after settling Paul comfortably, had been to make such disposition of his own business in Damascus that it might yield him sufficient income to live upon and yet not require his personal supervision. He was resolved that Helen's money to the last *assarion* should be spent in the spreading of the gospel of the Christ. Many discussions with men learned in the Roman law finally evolved a plan that promised to take care of his own property. His factor in Damascus was a most trustworthy man. He could continue to supervise the weaving, as he had done for many years past. His son would send out the caravans, and in each city where Timoleon had

built up a market for his goods, a man—in many cases, a Christian—was appointed to attend to the sales of that town. It took many months to work out this system and to arrange for an agent in Rome to whom remittances might be made for Timoleon. For he had definitely decided upon Rome as his headquarters.

While planning his own affairs, he was not idle in arranging for the distribution of the money left by Helen. Many evenings he and Paul spent in talking over the situation in the different cities of Syria and Asia and Greece. Together they worked out a system of relief for the needy Christians and of education for the children in the households of faith. Rome itself offered an almost boundless field for Christian charity and wise help. Here Clement proved an invaluable aid. His interest was second only to that of Timoleon himself, and his knowledge of conditions infinitely greater. Timoleon knew himself to be most fortunate in having such a coworker.

Nor was Pudens less helpful—perhaps even more so—for while Rome, with its misery and its countless problems, lay all about them, Britain, with its boundless opportunities, was an unknown land to Timoleon. He thought

much of Helen's desire for the teaching of Jesus to have freest scope in the island of the north. Pudens gave Timoleon many details of the country, its people, and their weird Druid worship. But he strongly advised Timoleon to make a journey himself to Britain, on one of his own ships, before deciding definitely whether to send teachers from Rome, or to establish a school in the country itself where her own sons might be trained and made ready to carry on the work.

All affairs came to a head at once. Timoleon's own business was to be entrusted to the hands of factors; Clement was to handle the relief work among the poor Christians of Rome, drawing upon a fund placed at his disposal by Timoleon and taken out of the money left him by Helen, of Alexandria; and Timoleon was to sail at once for Britain. Then, through Pudens, came word that in all probability Paul's case soon would be called. Timoleon was puzzled. If it really was true that at last Paul was to be called before Nero he did not want to leave Rome, yet during the two years of their stay in Rome rumor had many times set a date only to cancel it later. Paul urged Timoleon to carry out his plans. "Time passes swiftly, my brother. The trust

left you is first in importance. Now that you are free, go and judge for yourself in what way the Lord's work may best be carried on in Britain. But few years divide us, though you are by far the younger in outward appearance: it is not well to delay too long. With both of us, the years are wearing thin the thread that binds us to this life. As for my trial, the outcome of that is in his hands who suffers not a hair to fall without his knowledge. Whatever comes, his will is mine."

Timoleon listened thoughtfully, and when Paul had finished he answered, "In truth, with all the brethren, I confidently expect your acquittal by Nero. In that case, of course, you will stay on here. The only difference will be that you will be free of that chain, with its continual reminder that Rome is master. Worldly affairs are so arranged that you can give all your time and all your strength to teaching. So far as material cares are concerned there is no reason for my staying. But ——"

He stopped abruptly, and getting up began to pace the room. Paul spoke gently. "I know what you would say, my brother. You would give me the comfort of your presence, and of your kindly thought that has smoothed

every roughness from my way for the past two years. Were we free to choose, I, too, would have it so; but a sacred trust has been given into your hands, and now that you are free you must carry out its provisions without any thought of your own personal feelings or of my weakness. Duty points plainly to Britain."

Timoleon did not answer for many minutes. Up and down he walked. At last, stopping by Paul's side, he replied. "So let it be. I will go."

"But not alone. You remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'? He will go with you; and yet, wonderful paradox! he will stay with me; and to both of us, he will give peace."

"Paul, you know how I long for distinct evidence that I am indeed a follower of the Nazarene. Why do I not get some flash of illumination?"

"The Spirit speaks as it will, in many ways, each suited to the one who is to hear. Why you have had no experience limited by time and space I cannot say; but, my brother, you live the life; the beauty of the Lord is upon you; and you have been chosen by the Lord as an instrument to turn many to righteousness.

Let these things content your heart and cease longing for some startling experience."

After a moment's pause, he added, "May the Father, of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named, grant that you be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man! May Christ dwell in your heart by faith, that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able, with all saints, to comprehend the breadth and the length and the depth and the height thereof! And may you be filled with all the fulness of God!"

Three days later Timoleon sailed for Britain.

## EPILOGUE

With Timoleon's departure for Britain, the clouds of oblivion close about him and his friend, the great Apostle to the Gentiles. But concerning each a legend persists. Among the Christians of Rome who survived the persecutions of Nero, it was whispered that in the twilight of a dim oak grove of Britain, far from the realms subdued by Rome, Timoleon was laid a sacrifice on a Druid altar. The story runs that his face shone with a glory not its own, and that his spirit left its tortured body with the triumphant shout, "I come!"

Truth may speak in this tale as in the one which tells us that the golden glory of a late afternoon in midsummer saw Paul led along the Ostian Way by a little company of soldiers. It is said that when the fountain was reached where Paul's heroic soul was to leave behind his feeble body, "he raised his eyes, full of unspeakable peace, toward the eternal light of the evening and prayed, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'"